

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

At Mexican Headquarters

*Read What
Francis McCullagh
Saw and Heard
November 24, 1927*

Vol. 7, No. 7

February, 1928

Price 20 Cents



The Life of Gemma Galgani

(Born 1878. Died 1903)

A touching story, beautifully written, of a child of the Sacred Passion.

By Rev. Philip Coghlan, C. P.

Price, postpaid, 75 cents

Address: THE SIGN

Union City New Jersey

MOUNT DE SALES

Academy of the Visitation
Catonsville, Md.

Music, Languages, College Preparatory and elective. Catalogue on request.

Affiliated to the Catholic University of America.

GEORGETOWN University Hospital

SCHOOL OF NURSING

Accredited three years course—Without charge for board and tuition and with monthly allowance for incidental expenses—Under the direction of Sisters of St. Francis and University Professors. Spiritual direction under the Jesuit Fathers.

Apply to:

SR. M. RODRIGUEZ, O. S. F.

Nurses' Home

36th & N. Streets N. W.
Washington, D. C.

College of Saint Elizabeth

MORRISTOWN,
NEW JERSEY

(P. O. Address, Convent Station)

A Catholic college for women, registered by the New York State University and the New Jersey and Pennsylvania State Boards of Education. Bachelor degree in arts, letters, science and music.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT
SAINT ELIZABETH ACADEMY

An Ideal Gift Book

The Life of Christ

In Text and Pictures

This book will be sent to you with the understanding that at the end of five days you may return it. But you'll be so pleased with it that you won't return it.

Price only \$1.50

Order now from

THE SIGN

Union City New Jersey

The Calvert Series

EDITED BY HILAIRE BELLOC

"A series of short, clear books upon apologetics is needed at the stage of the great controversy in which the world is engaged; not little tracts, of which we have, on the Catholic side, a very large number—most of them excellent and enjoying an immense circulation—but books.

"There is something about a series of books which adds greatly to the value of its component units. Men take each work in it the more seriously because it is supported by its fellows in the regiment."—*Hilaire Belloc.*

The Catholic Church and History

By HILAIRE BELLOC.

The Catholic Church and the Appeal to Reason

By LEO WARD.

The Catholic Church and Its Reactions With
Science

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., Ph.D., F.R.S.

The Catholic Church and Philosophy
By VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

The Catholic Church and Conversion
By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON.

Price \$1.00 each volume
ORDER THROUGH THE SIGN

HIGHLAND TRUST COMPANY

Summit Ave. and Seventh St.
(Transfer Station)

UNION CITY, N. J.

The accounts of firms, corporations and individuals are invited.

2% Interest paid on Check Accounts.

4% Interest paid on Special Accounts.

Our Foreign Department renders direct service to all important centers of the World.

Banking Hours

Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.

Saturday, 9 A. M. to 12 Noon.

Monday Evenings, 6 to 8.30 o'clock.

Safe Deposit Boxes to Rent at \$4.00 per year and up.

OFFICERS

Chairman of the Board
FRANK C. FERGUSON

President

LIVINGSTON WILLSE

Vice-Presidents

LOUIS L. SCHMITT

CHARLES M. MINDNICH

Treasurer

THOMAS G. HENDERSON

Secretary

JOSEPH FEENEY

Assistant Secretary-Treasurer

JOSEPH F. HESS

BURCK

"TAILOR TO GENTLEMEN"

Personal Attention

246 Fifth Avenue

New York City

Missionary Sisters, SERVANTS OF THE HOLY GHOST

Young women who feel called to the missionary life are welcome at the Holy Ghost Convent, Techny, Ill., where they are trained for a missionary career either in the foreign or the home missions.

Young girls from the age of fourteen can obtain admittance.

For further information write to:
Sister Provincial, HOLY GHOST CONVENT
TECHNY, ILL.

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1928

RAIDED MEXICO.....	386
By Father Harold Purcell, C.P.	
CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT.....	387
Rome Speaks Again—What About Substitutes?—One Clown in the Senate—For Truth About Mexico—A Silly Stunt—An Outspoken Minister—Where Honesty is Expected—Born Wrong?—Levy Becomes Leroy.	
AT MEXICAN HEADQUARTERS.....	391
By Francis McCullagh	
MONTE AMIATA.....	397
By Gabriel Francis Powers	
THE SIGN POST.....	403
Questions and Communications	
WHAT CAN A LAYMAN DO?.....	409
By Edward Warren Joyce	
A SON OF THE PRAIRIE.....	411
By Jane-Howe Kennedy	
CATEGORICA: AS SET FORTH IN NEWS AND OPINIONS.....	413
Edited by N. M. Law	
ARCHCONFRATERNITY COMMENT.....	416
JUDAS.....	417
By Gamaliel Bradford	
OUT OF TWO HEARTS.....	418
By Henriette Eugenie Delamare	
IS DISCIPLINE UN-AMERICAN?.....	421
By A. J. Reilly	
ACROSS THE STREET.....	422
By Joseph L. Dooley	
THE MORNING SACRIFICE.....	423
By Francis Shea, C.P.	
JEFF ANDERSON'S ACT OF FAITH.....	425
By James B. Yelants	
NAZARETH TO JERUSALEM ON THE SUBWAY.....	427
By Edmund B. Maloney	
CHRIST DIES ON THE CROSS.....	428
By Enid Dinnis	
OUR JUNIOR READERS.....	429
INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS.....	433
THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA.....	435
GEMMA'S LEAGUE.....	444
OBITUARY.....	444
DONATIONS.....	445

THE SIGN is published monthly at Union City, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers. Subscription price: \$2.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 20c; Canada, \$2.25 per year; Foreign, \$2.50 per year.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten, and accompanied by return postage. Available Mss. will be paid for on acceptance.

Subscriptions, Advertising and Business Matters should be addressed to the Managing Editor. Advertising rates on application.

Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, or Change of Address should be sent in two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both the old and new addresses should always be given.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted, 1928.

GOOD BONDS

may appreciate in value and return a Profit in addition to the interest.

May we help you in selecting your investments for 1928?

Let our experience be your guide.

Send for Current List

EDMUND L. DOLAN

Investment Bonds

60 Congress Street

Boston - - Mass.

RELIGIOUS STATUARY FOR THE HOME

	12-inch	16-inch
SAINT JUDE....	\$2.00
Sacred Heart.....	1.75	\$2.75
	12-inch	16-inch
Blessed Mother...	\$1.75	\$2.75
Little Flower.....	1.75	2.75

Painted in natural colors. Washable. Highest quality and workmanship. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sent postpaid. Mail check or money order to:

J. F. McLARNEY & CO.

Catholic Supply House

Somerdale, N. J.

FROM MANUSCRIPT TO FINISHED BOOK

Our specialty is the making of books for private circulation.

An extensive experience fits us to do exceptionally fine work in the production of Prayer-Books, Books of Rule, Directories, etc.

Bindings in Cloth and Leather
PAMPHLETS, CATALOGS,
YEAR BOOKS

Enquiries from Priests and Religious Communities solicited

THE STELZ BOOK-BINDING COMPANY

Mr. John Cavalero, President

43 East 12th Street
New York City

Raided Mexico

TO THE READERS OF THE SIGN:

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

From its bureau in Mexico City *The World* of New York received this news item which should be of keen interest to every Catholic who cares anything for our persecuted brethren below the Rio Grande:

MEXICO CITY, Jan. 25.—*Much excitement was caused here today by a raid on the Josefina Convent in the heart of the city. The police arrested twenty nuns and detained a large group of students.*

The parents of the students flocked to the convent to obtain the release of their children, and a large crowd gathered around the convent entrances.

The arrests brought the total number of Catholics imprisoned at Police Headquarters to more than 100. Scores of Catholics were arrested last Sunday for attendance at Masses. A number of Catholic women have been arrested for distributing postcards showing the recent execution of Padre Miguel [Father Michael] Projuarez.

In itself the above story doesn't seem very bad; but to learn its full significance turn to pages 391-396. There Francis McCullagh describes Police Headquarters and tells how innocent children, pure nuns, decent men and women are huddled together with the harlots, the murderers, the very dregs of Mexico City's underworld. And the monstrous crime for which these children, nuns, decent men and women are arrested is their assistance at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass!


Surely it is about time that we American Catholics should make our voice heard in strong and insistent protest against the corrupt gang who are not ruling Mexico but destroying her; who are robbing millions of people of their fundamental human right; who are consumed with an insensate hatred of Almighty God; who are making fair faces before the outside world, while their hands are dripping with the fat of sacrilege!

In our January issue we published "The Mexican Gang." In this issue we publish "At Mexican Headquarters." These articles are written by Mr. McCullagh who has an international reputation as one of the world's greatest newspaper correspondents. There can be no doubt of his ability to describe a situation. Nor should there be any doubt of his honesty. He writes what he knows to be true.

We have published these two articles in pamphlet form, and are selling them at cost. (Single copies, mailed anywhere post-free, 10 cents; 100 copies, \$5.00; 1,000 copies, \$35.00.) May we ask you to help us to distribute this pamphlet? Spread it in your neighborhood that those about you may learn the truth of the Mexican situation.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

<p>EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY THE PASSIONIST FATHERS MONASTERY PLACE UNION CITY, N. J.</p> <p>All Money Accruing from the Publication of THE SIGN goes to the Support of the Passionist Missions in China.</p>	 <p>The Sign</p> <p>A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MONTHLY MAGAZINE UNION CITY N. J.</p>	<p>SUBSCRIPTION RATES:</p> <table style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td>One Year</td> <td>- - -</td> <td>\$2.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Three Years</td> <td>- - -</td> <td>\$5.00</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Life</td> <td>- - -</td> <td>\$50.00</td> </tr> </table> <p>CANADA: 25c Extra FOREIGN: 50c Extra</p> <p>All Checks and Money Orders Should Be Made Payable to THE SIGN. Cash Should Be Sent in Registered Letters.</p>	One Year	- - -	\$2.00	Three Years	- - -	\$5.00	Life	- - -	\$50.00
One Year	- - -	\$2.00									
Three Years	- - -	\$5.00									
Life	- - -	\$50.00									

Volume Seven

February, 1928

Number Seven

Current Fact and Comment

Rome Speaks Again

UNDER THE above caption, the Editor of *The Churchman*, a Liberal Episcopalian magazine, makes some remarks on the encyclical letter of Pope Pius XI concerning Christian Unity.

Expressing gratitude to the Holy Father "for restating with commendable frankness the unalterable position of the Roman Church on the question of unity," the Editor says that it is a mystery to him why this latest encyclical should be a surprise to any extreme Anglo-Catholics: "Rome's attitude as represented by Pius XI has never been heavily veiled." And again: "In his encyclical the Pope speaks out quite clearly enough about those who have been carrying on flirtations with the Vatican. And Rome does not intend, he adds, to be seduced by 'insinuating words of flattery.'" Let us say that if the frankness of the Holy Father and his clarity of expression will continue to have the effect that at present they seem to be having both in England and America not the least fruit of the encyclical will be the return to the center of Christian Unity of many sincere souls who are distressed at the scandalous state of a divided Christianity and who for their souls' sake will see the urgent need of returning to the Faith of which their forbears were robbed.

What is very hard for us to understand is the statement of the Editor that, "The encyclical is an exceedingly interesting example of the medieval mind projected into the twentieth century." If the Editor believes that the "faith once delivered to the saints" is medieval, then the Holy Father is medieval in holding and proclaiming it. But

the probability is that the Editor is not very anxiously troubled about that faith. The further probability is that he is one of those apologists for the Anglican Church who indorse such words as those of Canon Peter Green: "The Glory of the Church of England is that it requires you to believe the great historic facts of the Christian religion, but as to the interpretation of them and the doctrines in which we formulate what these facts teach, the Church is very, very sparing." In other words, such Anglicans practically say, "We have a creed but we don't know what it means." The boasted "comprehensiveness" of the Anglican is, in a nutshell, a polite term for ignorance.

What About Substitutes?

NOW AND again some savant tries to startle mankind with a gloomy prophecy regarding the amount of coal or oil in the whole world. But mankind refuses to be startled. The savant may be wrong. Even if his calculations be correct his conclusions are at fault. What may not future science achieve? How about substitutes? Have we explored all the by-products?

And so it is in other departments of our terrestrial existence. Humor is as necessary for life as coal or oil. It now remains for some one to predict, seeing the wan and worn condition of the thirteen original jokes of the world, how soon mankind must run out of material for humor. A laughless world is a horrid picture to contemplate. Better far to die amidst the shattered remains of a thermometer that refused to register lower in a world left without coal or

oil, than to freeze to death from the killing frost of a humorless planet. What excruciating hepatic torpidity would herald the final scene! But this generation or many to come need not fear. To anyone that goes to the trouble of calculating how soon our stock-in-trade of jokes must be depleted, we will calmly reply: How about substitutes? Have we explored all the by-products? Have you thought of Heflin from Alabama?

One Clown in the Senate

H PART FROM entertaining his fellow Senators and the galleries, the Hon. Thomas Heflin is doing the nation at large a real service. He is proving:

1. That in America there is an immense number of ignorant persons who are unworthy of the ballot when they use that high privilege to elect to the Upper House of Congress a man utterly unfit to hold such an office.
2. That the decent citizens of Alabama must hang their heads in shame at the sight of their State disgraced before the world by one to whom the interests of the State and its fair name should be of paramount importance.
3. That these decent citizens not only resent, as they emphatically do resent in the public press, the outrageous conduct of their mis-representative, but that they will take effective means at the earliest possible moment to abate the Heflin nuisance.
4. That the American people have an animated example of the lengths to which insane religious bigotry and intolerance can go. If the people's disgust can be precipitated into a fuller appreciation of true patriotism, then, perhaps, the Hon. Heflin will have proven a blessing in disguise.

Mr. Paul Block sums up the case against "The Senate Clown":

Heflin of Alabama again stopped all serious work of the United States Senate for two hours on Monday to give vent to further attack on Senator Bruce of Maryland, Mayor Gunter of Montgomery, Alabama, and on the newspaper publishers, including the writer [Paul Block], who have denounced his un-American utterances of religious bigotry.

This self-seeker for publicity, who knows no depth to his mad passion to get his name in print, is willing to embarrass his own State of Alabama, as well as the whole country—this 212-pound mental midget, the only thing smaller than his mind being his heart—has not found out yet that the United States Senate is a dignified, deliberative body, preserving the principles and traditions of our Country, but evidently thinks it is a circus in which there must be at least ONE CLOWN.

He proves by his religious bigotry that he does not understand the Declaration of Independence, which gives all citizens the guarantee of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

But enough of this Heflin—for it will be the same thing tomorrow and the day after—an empty cab will drive up to the Senate and Heflin will step out of it.

Mr. Block is the publisher of the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette*, the Newark *Star-Eagle* and the Toledo *Blade*. His editorial, as well as those of other prominent papers, on the antics of the Hon. Heflin, will have, we are confident, a salutary effect on the country.

For Truth About Mexico

WE ARE pleased with the interest that Mr. Francis McCullagh's article ("The Mexican Gang") in our January issue aroused among our readers. From our correspondence we print two letters suggesting that the article be published in pamphlet form. The first comes from the Rev. D. W. Muckle, D.C.L., Bursar of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, Canada:

We take your magazine here at the Seminary, and after reading your article on Mexico, by Francis McCullagh, I decided to write to you and ask you if it would not be possible to place his article, in your January copy, and the article which he is going to write for your February copy, together, and publish them in the form of a pamphlet. I think this would give the ordinary Catholic layman, and even the ordinary non-Catholic, a better understanding of the situation in Mexico than any other article that I have read. It would be well, I believe, to have the article which you have published on Francis McCullagh under the title of "Current Fact and Comment" in your magazine placed as a preface to the pamphlet. If you can do this, I would myself place an order for 200 copies.

I am writing to the headquarters of the Knights of Columbus, asking them if they could not lend some help in paying for the expenses of publication, as I know they are interested in placing the Mexican question in the proper light before the world.

I will be very grateful to you if you will let me know what can be done in this regard.

The second letter was written by a young lady, in New York City, who requests that her name does not appear:

The enclosed [\$10.00] is a drop in the bucket to help quench the thirst for Truth. "The Mexican Gang" in the January issue of *THE SIGN* should be broadcast throughout the country. I suggest that it be published in pamphlet form, as many might be deterred from reading it in the pages of a magazine.

I sincerely hope that other subscribers to *THE SIGN* will help to bear the expense of a reprint of the

THE † SIGN

article. Since the newspapers generally seem loath to publish the real facts about Mexico, the mail should be used to bring these facts before the people.

On the suggestion of these writers we are publishing in pamphlet form Mr. McCullagh's two articles, "The Mexican Gang" and "At Mexican Headquarters." Copies may be had from THE SIGN. Single copies, mailed anywhere, 10 cents; 100 copies \$5.00; 1,000 copies \$35.00. May we suggest that our readers get copies for themselves and for distribution among friends and acquaintances. We shall, of course, be glad to accept contributions to give to the pamphlet the widest possible circulation.

A Silly Stunt

MR. GEORGE S. SCHUYLER contributed to the December issue of *The American Mercury*, what is assumed to be the average colored person's appraisal of "Our White Folks." Its style is the flamboyant which seems to have so much attraction for Negro propagandists. By a mere change of title and minor changes here and there, the article might be an appraisal of Englishmen by a German, of Italians by a Frenchman, of the Negro intelligentsia by one of the lower strata of the same race. It is a mass of platitudes about the wickedness of mankind generally, applied by a Negro to Americans of other races.

Will "Aframerican" propagandists ever learn that punches between the eyes and on the nose are not conducive to friendly relations? Calling people names embitters, and stamps him who is guilty of it as a boor unfit for decent company. Lines like the following cannot benefit colored people: "It is not unusual to read or hear a warning from a Negro orator or editor against condemning all *crakers* as *prejudiced asses*, although agreeing that such a description fits the majority of them. The Ethiop is given to pointing out individual *pinks* who are exceptionally honorable, tolerant and unprejudiced. In this respect, I venture to say, he rises several notches higher than the generality of *ofays*, to whom, even in this day and time, all coons look alike." (Italics are not Mr. Schuyler's.) If such stupid effusions represent Negro mentality generally towards "Our White Folks," even the "pinks" may begin to ask themselves seriously about the worthwhileness of being tolerant of colored people. Such silly stunts can have only one effect. It is to cut deeper the color-line between the races. The line is abominable enough at its present

depth. Why should Negroes be so strenuous about cutting it deeper? Does the Negro intelligentsia delight in the more abominable? Or, is the same intelligentsia unable to realize the happy mean between degrading obsequiousness and bombastic offensiveness? Can anyone blame "Our White Folks" for rebelling against contacts, especially social, with persons whose mental furniture is represented by Mr. Schuyler's article?

An Outspoken Minister

REFUSING to sign a declaration upholding the Eighteenth Amendment, the Rev. Frederick J. Melville, pastor of St. Matthew's Lutheran Church, White Plains, N. Y., said:

I do not criticize any of the signers of this declaration on the grounds of insincerity, as I do not know them closely enough in private life, but there is no doubt that many ministers and laymen are afraid to speak their minds because of the consequences of public opinion, despite the fact that in their hearts they are convinced that prohibition is doing harm to the country.

If everybody spoke honestly, with the courage of his convictions, there would be a different public attitude on this question. Prohibition has done a great deal of harm to the Church. It has done more harm than any other modern institution.

Children go to church, hear ministers uphold prohibition and hear of the dangers of drinking, then go to their homes and see their parents drinking regularly. This situation confuses the minds of the children and they do not know what prohibition is.

I am not yet certain as to whether prohibition does any good. There are some things to be said in favor of it. There is not so much drunkenness on the streets as there was. But I think that there is a great deal more drinking in the homes.

The Prohibition question will never be settled until it is settled right; and it will never be settled right until those who are interested in it will have the courage to face it honestly in its results.

Where Honesty Is Expected

AN INSTRUCTIVE incident took place at the recent meeting, held in Cleveland, of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of Churches.

On January 23rd a resolution demanding the complete enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment was proposed. It appears that all the members of the Committee were in thorough agreement on this resolution. Difficulties, however, arose when some of the Negro delegates suggested that the Committee should also pass a resolution demanding equal enforcement of the

Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendment giving Negroes in the Southern States the right to vote. Hardly had this suggestion been made when the Rev. Dr. George C. Summy, of New Orleans, arose and vigorously protested: "Now let's be careful lest we touch matters of a political nature and commit ourselves to something that will soil the garments of the Bride of Christ." Dr. Summy evidently was totally unaware of the fact that there is anything "of a political nature" in the nullification or enforcement of Prohibition.

On January 24th the matter was again discussed and two distinct resolutions were adopted. The first demands the "effective enforcement of the Prohibition Law." The second demands "honest enforcement of the Constitution, including all amendments"; but it very adroitly fails to make specific mention of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, though the Negro delegates earnestly pleaded that the explicit mention of these two amendments was the whole purpose of their efforts.

It is rather plain, therefore, that the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of Churches can be very clear, emphatic and specific when dealing with the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. It is equally plain that they can quite calmly slur over or deliberately ignore any enforcement of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments.

If there is one body of men in the United States who should be honest and straightforward in their deliberations it is the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of Churches. That is the least the people have a right to expect of them.

Born Wrong?

WITHOUT mincing words Mr. Henry Morganthau states a plain but ugly fact in the *Review of Reviews*: "The simple truth is that if Governor Smith, instead of having been born in Oliver Street, of Catholic parents, had first seen the light of day in some Protestant parsonage, as Presidents Cleveland and Wilson did, nobody would doubt for an instant that he would be the next President."

This is as much as to say that if Governor Smith shall be kept out of the White House, it will not be his stand on Prohibition or his affiliation with Tammany Hall that shall keep him out but his Catholic religion. Whether we Catholics like it or not, so far as any of us holding the supreme office within the gift of the American

people is concerned, we are a "proscribed class."

This bitter fact is not openly proclaimed except by some wild and irresponsible fanatics; but it is taken for granted by men high in politics, in the professions, in trade and business who, to get the support or patronage of the Catholic laity or clergy, profess themselves clean of any ungodly bigotry. Mr. Morganthau is not a Catholic, nor a Wet, nor a Tammanyite. Yet he is an enthusiastic supporter of the Governor.

To Mr. Morganthau Governor Smith was "born wrong." In the words of *The New York Times*: "It is not a question of wealth or of poverty, of education or opportunity, but simply of the religion of his parents. And it is America, boasting of religious freedom, that proposes to lock the door of political hope upon one whom it hails as having been born free and equal, yet so born that he can never be President."

Whether or not Governor Smith gets nominated and elected to the Presidency, we are not concerned. But we are convinced that, in office or out of it, he is always a man, and that he would be the first to say that, in more senses than one, he was born right.

Levy Becomes Leroy

HAD EVERETT LEVY applied to Court to have his name changed two weeks before he did apply his application would have come before Justice McCook. Had he applied a week later he would have been heard by Justice Glennon. When he did apply, however, his petition was made to a namesake, Justice Levy, who gave him permission to change his name from Levy to Leroy. The Justice indorsed this comment on the petition:

The petitioner here is twenty-five years of age. If he were more mature I doubt whether this sort of application would be presented. Of course, I share his disappointment and grief in his inability to secure employment in his profession, and indeed lament the fact that this was entirely due to the name he bore. Character and courage are essential in fighting off the vicious and bigoted influences, but as he prefers to run, let him. Doubtless, he is wholly ignorant of the fact that the Bible tells us that the tribe of Levy never worshipped the golden calf.

Being ashamed of one's name is not limited to certain Jews. There are Catholics who think that their Catholic names will be a hindrance to them in the professions or the trades and who either change the spelling of their names or else take other names. To them is applicable the stinging rebuke of Justice Levy.

At Mexican Headquarters

Seen and Heard, November 24, 1927

By FRANCIS McCULLAGH

JUST OFF the animated Paseo de la Reforma in Mexico City stands a huge skeleton of rusty iron—a vast structure which might, under certain circumstances, be described as ghostly, for a belated reveller, seeing the moon shine through it, might feel as startled as the Ancient Mariner when he saw the moon and stars shine through the Ship of the Dead.

It is the framework of the House of Congress, begun by Porfirio Diaz in 1910, and not yet finished, never apparently to be finished, for all work on it ceased long ago—ceased as soon as the *Constitutionalistas* grasped the reins of Government, though one would have expected, on the contrary, that, since these gentry profess to be Parliamentarians of the most extreme and voluble type, their advent would hasten its completion. But instead of growing up, it is literally growing down. It is visibly decreasing in size, because, with the permission of the Government, an American company which has entered into a contract for the construction of certain roads is helping itself freely to old iron from this legislative scrap-heap.

Of the temporary Chamber of Deputies I do not speak, as it is in every way beneath contempt, architecturally and otherwise. After the *coup d'État* of Calles in October last, it expelled, at the bidding of the Dictator, all deputies who were not obedient to him. Some of them had already been murdered, despite their legislative immunity; but these also were expelled by name as if they were alive. It now offers to increase the Presidential term to six years; and the first President to benefit by this generosity will be Obregón, who violates the Constitution by standing for re-election, and who is also ineligible under the article which bans those who have taken part in revolutionary movements.

I prefer, therefore, to speak of the ghostly Chamber at the end of the Avenida del Palacio Legislativo and forming one side of the Plaza de la República. The Plaza de la República is worthy of the unfinished building which is its principal ornament, being an abomination of desolation, grass-grown and deserted, dead as a forum in Pompeii. A workman was crossing it

very slowly while I paid that first visit to it which I am now going to describe, and his steps echoed hollowly through the silent square.

This square really reminded me of Pompeii. In Pompeii you are shown the baker's shop and the sculptor's studio, with everything left just as they were when the lava and the ashes came: in the Plaza de la República you are shown the stonemasons' sheds, the carpenters' benches, the clerk's office, and the foreman's room, from all of which life fled when the revolutionary lava rushed down from the Sierra Madre and petrified them into eternal immobility. In the Plaza de la República as in Pompeii you still see the marks of the chisel on the stone, but in neither place do you see the chisel: in Pompeii it rusted away, in Mexico it was stolen long ago.

At the further entrance to the Avenida del Palacio Legislativo, just at the point where that dead street debouches from the lively Plaza de la Reforma, stands a gloomy building in which, however, there is always great activity, day and night—an activity which is in striking contrast to the sepulchral stillness that broods over the derelict Palacio itself. In front of it there are always puffing motor-cars, groups of gesticulating men, and armed sentries walking to and fro. After six o'clock in the morning there is even a coffee stall on the edge of the pavement a little way from the entrance; and its proprietor does a roaring trade with armed men in uniform, who eat and drink with the avidity of people who have been up all night. It was about six o'clock in the morning that I first saw it, and I had a cup of coffee there myself.

THIS HOUSE of mystery has a garden, guarded by iron railings, in which there is an iron gate; and through this gate automobiles dash in and out every few minutes. Even about these automobiles there is something mysterious. They travel at quite an illegal speed; but they evidently have the right of way, for their chauffeurs blow the police whistle which gives them precedence over all other traffic. The chauffeurs exchange rapid passwords with the sentries before the gates fly open. Then they are engulfed in the gloom of the umbrageous inner courtyard, and the gates

THE † SIGN

close again with an iron clang which, for some inexplicable reason, shakes my very soul with fear. And as I look on, fascinated and mystified, the gates open again for a large, hearse-like motor-car on its way out. Several such cars pass out while I am looking. Grim and smooth and silent and painted black all over, they remind me horribly of the vans, freighted with death, that used, in the days of the Terror, to issue in the early morning from the Lubyanka at Moscow. This daily exodus impresses itself ineffaceably on my mind owing to the fact that it was from behind prison bars that I saw them leave.

A SAD TRAIN of thought is started, and the chill in my soul deepens as I hear the clank of chains, the shooting of bolts and bars. Peering into the first garden, I perceive, under the shadow of the trees, a collection of people, varied as life itself. Most of them are officers, soldiers, policemen and uniformed officials; but there are also women, some weeping hysterically and with children hanging on to their skirts, some laughing and joking with the men. The painted lips and cheeks of the latter women leave no doubt as to their profession. Were it not for the motor-cars, I would describe the whole scene as medieval. The odd jumble of buildings beyond and around the patio is distinctly medieval. But, lo! There are inscriptions painted on them — *Museo de Criminología* (Museum of Criminology), *Escuela Científica de Policía* (Scientific Police School). And, through the barred windows cadaverous faces peer at me. Good God! it is all clear to me now! This is the notorious *Inspección General*, the General Headquarters of the ordinary and the extraordinary police of the whole elaborate organization of repression which enables the Lenin of Mexico to rule. This is the headquarters of General Roberto Cruz, the Mexican Dzerzhinsky! This is the Lubyanka of Mexico!

In the inner court I can see the stone wall, pitted with bullets, against which so many victims have stood during the past two months. Only yesterday four men, one of them a priest, were executed there on the accusation of having tried to assassinate General Obregón, but there was no public trial. General Roberto Cruz simply gave out a statement that the men had confessed, but could produce no proof of his assertion.

Near the wall at one point, the ground is trampled and black with congealed blood. Further up, it is covered with autumnal leaves. In another part of the garden is a wooden stake, commonly used by the soldier-executioners for

practice-firing, and now almost shot to pieces.

Fragments of President Wilson's speeches about Mexico come back at this moment to my memory. Incongruous? No, for it was President Wilson who installed the *Constitutionalistas* here:

"There is one thing I have got a great enthusiasm about, I might almost say a reckless enthusiasm, and that is human liberty."

God help us!

My eyes seek again the derelict Legislature, and return to the prison bars, and the haggard faces behind them. This, then, is what Mr. Wilson's "reckless enthusiasm" has brought Mexico to. This is the result of his verbose confidence in the promises of the "patriots," in the loud asseverations of the democratic revolutionaries!

It is a pity that he did not confine his destructive exuberance to the enforcement of the Fifteenth Amendment to the American Constitution, and insist on the Southern States letting the negroes vote. Charity begins at home; and if Mr. Wilson had allowed his "reckless enthusiasm" for "human liberty" to run wild in Mississippi and South Carolina instead of Mexico, where he had no business, there might be chaos today north of the Rio Grande, and prosperous tranquillity south of it.

Here, on the first floor is the office of the brutal Roberto. Down beneath my feet are the terrible subterranean dungeons, ankle-deep in filth and water, where the enemies of the Dictator are imprisoned and tortured.

This, then, is the point where the grand march of the Revolution stopped—at a prison gate! The "heroes," and the Generals, and the *Constitutionalistas*, and the fiery *revolucionarios*, (all of them with hip-pocket revolver)—they all halted here. They never reached the Palacio Legislativo, part of which is now used as a garage for the Black Marias and the funeral autos of liberty.

BUT, HARK! there is a trampling of feet, mixed with loud words of command and the jingle of steel. A crowd of prisoners is approaching. They are surrounded by police or soldiers, in khaki uniforms and with rifles and bayonets. Even at a distance, I can see that this crowd is curiously heterogenous. When it comes nearer, I distinguish men and women, boys and girls, females in gaudy attire, and ladies in modest mantillas. Nearer still, and I can make out, with a shock of astonishment, obvious convent girls, with the white veils and the stainless lilies of First Communion, only that the veils are rent,

THE † SIGN

and the flowers torn, and the young eyes red with weeping, and the smooth cheeks crimson with shame. And no wonder there is shame, for alongside these pure girls, and even handcuffed to them, stagger blasphemous and drunken harlots, the painted dregs of the Mexican brothels.

SIDE BY side with the daughters of *hidalgos*, with the young sons of the *Conquistadores*, walk flagrantly criminal types, men and women with vice and degradation stamped on their features. From my experience of old as a police court reporter I should say that they belong to that class of criminal whose case is heard behind closed doors, for the Mexican criminal generally looks his part.

But how on earth did such ill-assorted people manage to come together? I turn for enlightenment to a civilian bystander, a middle-aged, respectably-dressed man, whose accent proclaims him to be a Spaniard; and he courteously explains. It is Sunday morning; and General Roberto Cruz makes a practice of sending out his myrmidons early every Sunday morning in order to arrest Catholics who go to Mass. Without warrants, without official documents of any kind, and in defiance of the Constitution, these policemen break into private houses where Mass is being said and march the whole congregation off to Headquarters—as these unfortunates are being marched now.

"But apparently the police also break into brothels," said I, glancing at the painted women. "No," replied the gentleman, "they never do. That would be a violation of the Constitution."

He smiled faintly, and then added: "These women you are looking at must have been arrested for fighting in the streets, or they were probably mixed up in some robbery or murder. There is now a robbery or murder every night, and on Saturday night there are generally quite a number."

So this explains it. The secret Masses are always said in the gray of the morning and very often long before dawn, so that the sleuth-hounds of Roberto generally manage to kill two birds with one stone; they arrest the girl who has risen before the sun in order to hear Mass, and at the same time they arrest the murderer staggering home to bed after a night in a gambling den, or the prostitute trying to escape after having cut her lover's throat or stolen his money. And as they march them all together, they treat them exactly alike.

The bedraggled procession comes closer. In

it there are diabolical faces and faces which are angelic. The diabolical faces are brazen; the angelic faces are crimson with shame. Not all the women are young; some are of mature age and even elderly. Several such women attract my attention for two reasons, the sweet and dignified gravity of their faces as well as the remarkably bad fit of their dresses. I learned later that they were nuns, for whom secular clothing had been hastily found; and that General Cruz takes a diabolical pleasure in immuring these ladies with prostitutes and criminals. The Mexican files in the State Department at Washington contain complaints under this head from Mr. Sheffield, formerly American Ambassador in Mexico City. One such complaint is to the effect that several nuns were locked in cattle-cars with criminals and sent by railway to Manzanillo enroute to the terrible Islas Marias, whereof one is a Penal Colony for the most incorrigible criminals, the Devil's Island of the Pacific.

Some members of the procession are boys, evidently of pure Castilian descent, with deep-set and brilliant eye, bronzed cheek, and something proud and sumptuous in the modelling of lip and chin. Some are old men with finely-shaped heads and the singular dignity of the Spanish grandee one sees depicted on the canvas of Velasquez.

But in the procession there are also men and women of pure Indian type, mechanics in their blue overalls, *peons* wrapt in their *panchos*, brown-faced housemaids, hardy old market women with smiles on their lips and innumerable wrinkles on their faces. Their presence proves, what is proved by much other evidence, that Mexico is Catholic to the marrow of its bones, quite as Catholic as Belgium or Bavaria, more Catholic even than Ireland, for it has no Ulster and no Belfast. After having traversed every part of Mexico and mixed with every class of the people, I have come to the conclusion that ninety per cent of the people are opposed to Calles.

IN ONE OF his great oratorical outbursts about Mexico—it was at Indianapolis on January 8, 1915—President Wilson yelled: "I am for the eighty per cent!" meaning thereby that he meant to give the vote to the Mexican *peon*. The result of his meddlesome interference was that all Mexicans lost their votes, and that the country is now ruled dictatorially by two men. Ninety per cent of the Mexican people are now against Calles, but the American President and the American newspapers and the party leaders seem to take the matter very quietly.

THE † SIGN

THE PRISONERS have now entered the garden, throughout which the harlots diffuse a powerful odor of cheap scent. The more respectable members of the party are bundled unceremoniously into the Identification Bureau, where they are photographed, and have their finger-prints taken. Most of the poor people are sent away. Is it because there is something, after all, in the President's boast that he is the Friend of the Poor and the Downtrodden? No, it is because they have no money. Yes, this "religious" persecution is largely a matter of "graft" or financial corruption. Save in the case of Calles alone, any fanaticism that you see is not religious fanaticism but financial fanaticism. With Calles it is different: of no religion himself, he is consumed by a passion of hate against the Catholic Church that makes him grow black in the face, smite the table, and behave generally like a madman every time that it is mentioned. The explanation may lie far back in the history of his Turkish ancestors; but, so far, nobody has discovered it.

Like nearly all the Presidents of Mexico, Calles is dishonest; but no amount of money will ever bribe him to let go his hold of a priest. General Roberto Cruz is not so scrupulous. He imposes heavy fines, quite illegally, on persons caught attending Mass. Probably he sends some of this money to the Treasury, but it is reported that he puts \$25,000 a week into his own pocket, and has been doing so since the persecution commenced. He knows that his victims belong to rich families, to that wealthy, conservative class which, after all, built up Mexico but which is now being rapidly impoverished. He capitalizes the natural anxiety of parents to rescue their young sons and daughters from the crowded dungeons and their foul, contagious diseases; and his calculations are generally right, for he succeeds as a rule in getting a fine of 500 pesos (\$250) for the release of each prisoner. In the case of priests, his fixed tariff is \$500.

But while Headquarters is thus working day and night, at full pressure, business is languishing, commercial houses are failing, and emigration to the United States is assuming alarming proportions. In the fashionable shopping center of the Capital you might watch the shops for a whole day without seeing a single customer cross the threshold; but you will not have to watch Headquarters long before you see Catholic prisoners being marched in. So busy are the police in arresting Catholics and ferreting out their secret printing presses, that they are neglecting the ordinary criminal, whose audacity is

therefore increasing every day. Pickpockets swarm to such an extent that it is very unsafe to carry one's money in an outside pocket. I, myself, was once robbed of my purse while buying postage stamps at the General Post Office; and, when I complained, I was told that the place is full of pickpockets who are having a glorious time, thanks to the fact that the police are always absent on priest-hunts—which pay them better.

Sometimes these priest-hunts bring them far afield; and, moreover, prisoners, accused of hearing Mass, are brought every day by railway from distant States to Headquarters at Mexico City. I take the following paragraph from the *Excelsior*, the leading newspaper of the Federal Capital. It is typical of similar paragraphs which frequently appear in the newspapers:

ATLIXCO, PUEBLA.—Tonight the agents of the Inspection General of Police of this metropolis arrested Dr. Edward M. Texcucano and the Rev. Silverio Aguilar, formerly rector of the parish of La Natividad. The arrest of both these gentlemen was effected in the house of Dr. Texcucano while the Rev. Fr. Aguilar was conducting Catholic ceremonies without having complied with the conditions laid down in article 130 of our Magna Charta.

Both prisoners have been placed at the disposition of Señor General Don Roberto Cruz, Inspector General of Police in Mexico City; and they will therefore be transferred to Mexico today.

IN SUCH cases, the prisoners will be released after having been made to pay large sums of money to their captors. But it is not only the police who are making money in this way; the army is enriching itself even more by the employment of similar methods. While I was traveling in Jalisco, a landowner told me a curious story on this subject. One day he discovered that two of his *peons* had run away to join the insurgents and had taken with them two of his horses. He immediately informed the local police; and, to make things doubly sure, he afterwards called personally on the General who was in charge of military operations against the rebels, and told him what had happened.

The General said that obviously his informant was not to blame for the rebels getting two more men and two more horses; so that my friend felt convinced that no harm would befall him. He was mistaken, however, for soon afterwards he was arrested on the charge of having aided the insurgents, and was confined in a small cell adjacent to a cemetery, the object being to give him the impression that he was about to be executed.

This system of terrorization, I might remark, is now universal among the Mexican soldiers, who

THE † SIGN

generally place their victim against a wall and make preparations as if to shoot him, even when their only object is to terrify him and make him hand over to them all his money. My friend was finally released on promising to pay a large sum of money to the General responsible for his detention.

THE HILLS around the Capital are now so infested by bandits that it is dangerous to go by oneself ten miles out of the city; and consequently all picnics to the hills have been abandoned by the young people of the British and American communities. Ambassador Sheffield had to give up his golf at a country club on the Guernavaca road, owing to the danger from bandits; and Ambassador Dwight W. Morrow has to be even more careful. From his office windows, General Roberto Cruz can see hills which have been quite abandoned to the bandits.

This is only one aspect of the present condition of affairs in Mexico; and it is not an aspect on which Ambassador Morrow is touching in his negotiations with President Calles, those negotiations being strictly confined to American grievances on the subject of the agrarian laws and the laws affecting petroleum. The Wilson theory, that Washington would only permit good men to become Latin American Presidents, has been followed by the Coolidge theory that Mexico can do whatever it likes so long as it does not confiscate American property and pays the Committee of Bankers their interest. In like manner the American newspapers have swung from one extreme to the other; it cannot be because of any reaction against militarism due to the Great War, for in 1919, the entire Press of America clamored for "drastic measures" in order to suppress this "international nuisance," that is, Mexico. Now it sternly refuses to print accounts like the above, even when such accounts are sent by its own correspondents. With some honorable exceptions, the American newspapers toady to Calles, beslaver him with praise, describe him as Mexico's "man of iron," publish interviews with him, and even accept articles from him.

America's record in this Mexican business has, with a few bright intervals, been consistently bad. We see today the damage which her professors, preachers, and politicians have wrought in China and the bad results of an American education on Chinese students; and from that we can estimate the damage that America must have done for over fifty years in Mexico, which is so near, and which has also been demoralized by oil men, con-

cession hunters, kept correspondents, paid propagandists, and returned Mexicans, educated in the United States. Infinite harm has also been done by American Protestant organizations, which spend an enormous amount of money but only succeed in causing discord and disintegration.

During the Carranza rebellion, many Methodist and Baptist preachers accepted commissions in the rebel army, and some of them still work for the *Constitutionalistas*, and are assisted by catechists, Y. M. C. A. men, and various kinds of demented "uplift" workers with a very strong bias toward Bolshevism. In June last, General Amaro, the Secretary of War, published in Jalisco a Communist organ called *El Rojo* (the Red); and, judging by its contents, his principal contributor seemed to have been educated in some American Evangelical seminary. All this work simply tends to the utter demoralization of Mexico; and, if Catholicism is uprooted—as is not at all improbable—its place will certainly not be taken by Protestantism, which Calles fears far more than he fears Catholicism, because of the Americanization which it inevitably entails. But for the moment, he uses Protestantism in his fight with Rome; and, though every Catholic church and seminary in Mexico is closed, all the Protestant churches and seminaries are open and functioning.

MANY AMERICANS dismiss the Mexican question with an uncomplimentary remark about "Dagoes" who are unfit to govern themselves; but it is America who is responsible for the present chaos in Mexico. America's whole policy for the last fifty years has either been to annex Mexican territory or else to force the Mexicans to Americanize themselves and their institutions. The United States has permitted every kind of crank to launch attacks from the north side of the border on good Conservative administrations in Mexico; but has always prevented exiled Conservatives from launching similar attacks on Mexican Governments which called themselves Liberal, but which were chaotic, corrupt, and hopeless.

Juarez, who launched Mexico on her present wrong course, was assisted to an almost incredible extent by the Government of the United States with arms, ammunition, cannon, and money: at one time the whole output of a great arms factory in the United States was poured in a steady stream into Mexico. Without this assistance he would have been beaten by the Conservative Miramón, with the result that Mexico's

THE † SIGN

development would have been normal. There would have been a period of oligarchical rule such as obtained in England throughout all the eighteenth century; and, after that, a slow but sure development in freedom. A Dictatorship did come later with Diaz; but it was overthrown by a rebellion started on the north side of the Rio Grande by Francisco I. Madero, an unbalanced visionary who had been educated in an American college—non-Catholic.

WITH HUERTA, Mexico got back on the rails again, for Huerta was a Conservative, and had in his Cabinet exceptionally able and high-minded men. President Wilson would not have him. He had set his heart on making the dreamy, socialistic, and anti-clerical Carranza President of Mexico; and finally he gained his end by bombarding Vera Cruz, sending General Pershing into Mexico, and allowing Carranza to get as much ammunition as he could carry across the frontier, while American warships seized, in the harbor of Vera Cruz all the arms Huerta had imported from Europe for the purpose of defending his Government against Carranza, Villa and other brigands.

While pursuing this policy, Wilson continued to insist most strenuously that he would not interfere in Mexican affairs. "It is none of my business, and it is none of yours" he said in his Jackson Day address, delivered at Indianapolis on January 8, 1915. From the English point of view, Wilson was not "playing the game"; but because Sir Lionel Carden, the British Minister to Mexico, thought so and said so, President Wilson induced the British Government to recall him.

Finally, Huerta fell, for he could not maintain his position in face of President Wilson's opposition; and the Constitutionals have been in power ever since. Washington continues to support them, probably because of a fear that a Conservative régime might develop into a monarchy; but such development is quite out of the question, and, even if it were possible, no monarchy could make such trouble for Americans and for the American Government as the present Dictatorship has done. Since 1914, 546 Americans have been murdered in Mexico, and 470,000 acres of land have been taken from Americans without compensation. Yet, when General de la Huerta rebelled against Obregón and Calles at the end of 1923, President Coolidge saved the Duumviri by selling them a large supply of arms and ammunition, including 15,000 Enfield rifles and five mil-

lion rounds of ammunition. A year ago Calles sent those arms to Nicaraguan insurgents who were trying to overthrow a Government which was friendly to the United States, and to establish one which was unfriendly.

There may still be optimists who believe that there can never again be oppression or injustice in the world because of the powerful influences watching for it, in order to expose and crush it.

"First, there is the Press," these optimists will say, "always ready to expose the tyrant and the wrong-doer, whether he be in Moscow, in Rome, or in Rumania. Secondly, there is Labor, whose powerful voice will always be raised in favor of the oppressed, whatever be his race or color. Thirdly, there are those marvellous philanthropic associations which spend all their time and money denouncing Mussolini, pleading for the recognition of Russia, and even looking after the welfare of lost cats."

MY STUDY of the Mexican question has made me profoundly doubtful of these great influences. When a Conservative Government takes vigorous action against subversive elements, they will all be on the alert, and on the side of the subversive elements; but when a Socialist or Communist or Anti-Christian Government persecutes its Christian subjects, they will maintain Sphinx-like silence. Even in Conservative papers there was no outcry against the atrocities of Calles like that raised in the Labor papers against Mussolini and in favor of Sacco and Vanzetti. The greatest newspaper in New York is run on the principle, "No crusade!" Owing to its adherence to this principle it manages to keep a correspondent in Moscow, another in Rome, and a third in Mexico City. The Moscow correspondent sends out large chunks of Red propaganda. The Rome correspondent praises Mussolini. The correspondent in Mexico City flatters Calles. But they all "get the news across." They all "deliver the goods."

As for the American Federation of Labor, despite the fact that it contains a strong Catholic element, and that two of its vice-presidents are Catholics of Irish descent, it has not only failed to protest against any of the murders Calles has committed, but it has supported him, championed him, hailed him as the Man of the People, a Friend of Labor, a Great Proletarian. The fifty Humane and Philanthropic associations of the United States are the worst of all; they have vigorously taken the side of Calles, and are busily distributing his propaganda.

Monte Amiata

[SECOND INSTALLMENT]

Abbadia San Salvatore. Rachis the Lombard King. The Goat in the Belfry. Pian Castagnai. A Benedictine Father. The Gate of Santa Fiora Palace of the Aldobrandeschi. The Famous Fish Pond.

WE HAD left Chiusi before sun-up, and now Radicofani lay behind us, and it was scarcely nine o'clock in the morning! Before us the road still ran broad and level. Here we found ourselves in a world of downs or open country, hilly and undulous, and of a lovely color undecided between dark green and a brownish purple. The whole panorama lay unfolded before us so that we could see both the road we had already made and that we were still to make.

The autobus was white with dust, and continued its swift motion, and in our faces was the cool wind of that high world from which the lower, crowded world of men seemed so very far away. Then a short range of wooded mountains loomed up toward our right; they did not seem very tall but we were ourselves at a considerable altitude which may account for the illusion, and

somebody said: "Monte Amiata!" A native added: "You can already see the Cross." We looked in vain but could not distinguish the Cross; and then at length we discerned at the summit what looked like the tiniest shred of straw. That was the Cross.

Faster the coach flew, and then we came to a point where a very miracle of God seemed to happen. There were no more downs; but a vast valley, toward our left, appeared to break into the landscape, forming a long and wide depth into which any number of blue, vaporous mountains had set their feet. Beyond the first range there was another, then still another and another, standing in solemn order, ranged as for inspection, magnificent and mysteriously beautiful. Cries of admiration went up from the travelers, and two in particular were for stopping there forever, for planting there their tabernacles and



THE TRAVELER'S FIRST VIEW OF MONTE AMIATA IN THE DISTANCE



ENAMELED RELIEF BY THE DELLA ROBBIAS

abiding breathless before that exquisite vision of space, of beauty, of majesty, transparently azure, the very hue of some marvelous dream. The chauffeur would not even slacken speed to let us look at it; but the memory treasures, and we have the view with us forever.

We were on a ridge now, and to the left the ground broke away where it, too, plunged to the great valley. To our right was Monte Amiata still, densely wooded in all its lower portion; and in the midst of the thick, robust green, a gray village, Abbadia San Salvatore—what remains of the famous medieval Abbey of St. Savior. There are two versions regarding the foundation of this world-known monastic center. One is that it was founded by a disciple of St. Benedict himself in the sixth or earliest seventh century. The other version is—that it was founded by Rachis the Lombard King in the eighth century—a “remedy for his soul,” so the phrase went—and there he eventually retired and became a monk.

It was an exceedingly laborious community;

they made roads and built bridges; they cultivated the soil and taught the mountaineers around them agriculture and the care of flocks. They had a hospice for pilgrims, an infirmary for the sick or wounded. They grew herbs and made medicines and unguents. Indoors they had a library in which they collected valuable books, and studied, and copied the illuminated Gospels and classic authors of antiquity. Their lives were a light unto all who came in touch with them. The Abbey became the richest in Tuscany, and perhaps this was not an advantage. It owned townships and castles, and the Abbot ranked with the great feudal nobles of the district. The actual town, which had grown up around the Abbey, was subject to the Abbot. After the battle of Montaperti in 1260, between Florence and Siena, Siena claiming the entire district, the Abbot was compelled to bow to the higher power; until in 1347 the neighboring Counts Aldobrandeschi of Santa Fiora found themselves strong enough to oust Siena and subjected Abbadia San Salvatore, attaching it to their own domain. In 1558 the Medicis of Florence were masters of Tuscany and Abbadia again changed lords.

It was difficult to find even the remnants of the Abbey for a clustering mass of little houses has surrounded and choked them. It was desecrated and sacked during the disorders produced in Italy by the French Revolution and never rose again. The hamlet devoured and assimilated it. Only a small portion of the conventual buildings still exist and harbor a community of Franciscan nuns. The church is so modernized as to be unrecognizable; but ancient frescoes remain, and the Legend of Rachis to us personally was very interesting.

RACHIS WAS one of that line of Lombard Kings, barbaric invaders of Upper Italy, who were continually pushing southward in the effort to extend their territory, and who, one after the other, cast covetous eyes upon, Rome, the prize of centuries. He marched his troops to the gates of the Eternal City, and the reigning Pontiff went out to meet him and to implore him to spare the city of the Holy Apostles. He appears to have reminded Rachis that conquest, power, riches of this world amount to nothing, and that all that matters is God Who alone is to be feared, for after that He has destroyed the body, He can cast the soul into Hell. Rachis was so impressed that he not only abstained from touching Rome but he put aside his crown and his sword, and

THE † SIGN

retired to a monastery where the salvation of his soul formed his one care. This retirement of Rachis is historical, but how near and interesting it becomes when we find that it was precisely at St. Savior that he hid his past splendor!

THE TRADITION embodied in the arms and seal of the Abbey (and which remains in the blazon of the town) is that one time when Rachis was hunting upon the mountain, our Savior appeared to him as he rested beneath a chestnut tree and bade him erect there a monastery; and He enjoined upon him to enter this monastery himself and to do penance. The *signum* of the Abbey was a chestnut tree with over it a half-figure of the Redeemer, holding lightnings in one hand and in the other the globe of empire. High up on the wall of the church an ancient crucifix of carved wood is suspended, and it is said that it was cut from the tree beneath which the king was resting when he saw the vision. Others say that it is the miraculous Christ which spoke to Rachis.

Beneath the actual church is what is called the crypt, but in all probability it was the original Abbey church. The date of it is given as A. D. 742. It is extremely interesting as a typical example of the Lombard Romanesque style, the vaulted roof being supported on forty stone columns, almost all different, some carved all over with low, patterned relief, and the capitals being all different with hand-wrought sculptures representing Solomon's knots, lotus leaves and other devices. These primitive carvings, vigorous and of extreme simplicity are reminiscent at once of the art which was in Byzance in the sixth century, among the Visigoths in the seventh, and in Northern Europe from the eighth to the tenth. In Italy this is always called the Lombard style, with addition of the distinctive words Tuscan, or Pisan, or Venetian.

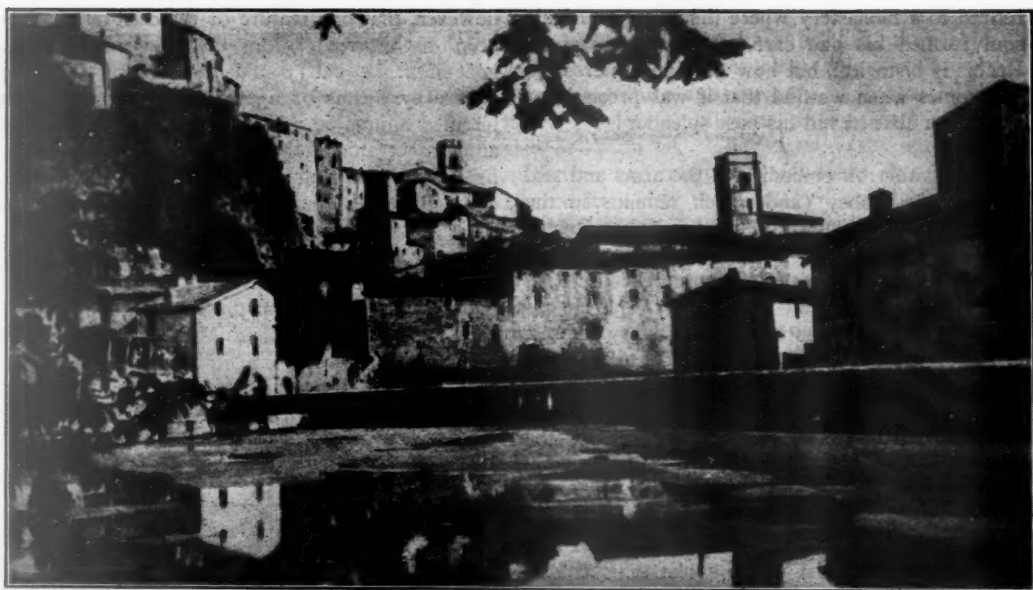
One of the later additions to the Abbey buildings, a cloister and chapel of the sixteenth century, are now enclosed in the nuns' portion, but they permit visitors to enter and see the frescoes upon the walls. The subjects are from the Life of Our Savior — the Nativity, the Flight into Egypt, the Return to Galilee, and so forth. The group of the Flight, is particularly gracious and tender: Our Lady is walking beside the donkey upon which she has placed the Divine Child, and her arms sustain Him in an embrace full of anxious love. Another of the treasures of the Abbey is a fourteenth-century reliquary containing the head of St. Mark the Pope, whose feast is still kept religiously. We were glad to learn,

however, that one feature of the celebrations has been discontinued. This consisted in taking a goat into the belfry and lowering it onto the square by means of a cord. The antics of the terrified animal in mid-air produced the greatest amusement among the rustics, and when it was finally dropped and stunned by the fall, it was cut up and distributed to the poor. This rude sport survived until the year 1882.

Monte Amiata is rich in minerals and particularly in mercury, the half of all the product used in Europe coming from these two mountains set face to face, Amiata and Monte Labbro. The mines near Abbazia San Salvatore give work to fifteen hundred men. Strangely enough, tools of stone, horn and iron were found at different periods in the excavations, proving that even the Etruscans, and after them the Romans, knew the



RELIQUARY: HEAD OF ST. MARK, POPE



SANTA FIORA: THE FISH POND BELOW THE TOWN

wealth of this volcanic region and had searched for whatever minerals they required. The company working the mines at Abbadia has used the stream for water power, forming a small lake, imbedded like a sapphire in a setting of trees, and the water continuing on its way down the slope toward the valley describes a rushing curve and then tumbles in cascades which make a joyous sound and a coolness beneath the picturesque lower wood of chestnut trees.

IT IS TIME for us to pursue our journey. The road is rather steep and takes sharp curves for it is cut directly through the wood, and the great chestnut trees spread overhead majestically making a deep shade. We pass through the wood settlement, a colony of bungalows and shacks, scattered on the slopes, beneath the leafy boughs and amid which the stream passes, chattering and laughing as it goes. Then the open road again and the view of that wide valley beyond which the solemn ranges of the hills stand airily blue. An English writer has said that the blue of Amiata is unique; and so it is. But there is something in that pure, soft air that gives all the hills that same marvelously beautiful effect of a gem-like transparency, while the color itself oscillates between sapphire and amethyst.

Our next stop comes very soon, for only a few miles further is another of the ring towns, Pian Castagnai, the Plain of the Chestnut Groves.

The view here is considered even finer than that of Abbadia, but in reality it is the same panorama of the plunging valley and the mountains rising beyond the vast interlude of space. The entrance to the town has strongly fortified walls, a gateway flanked by massive towers, and the stage draws up on the square at the foot of an enormous bastion, part of what was once a stronghold of the Orsinis. In the ninth century Pian Castagnai was a dependency of Abbadia. In 1400 the noble family of the Del Montes built themselves a palace here which is still in excellent preservation. One wonders if it was from Monte Amiata that the prince took his title, which a descendant in Rome still bears. The name means "of the hill."

AT PIAN CASTAGNAIO a Benedictine Father climbed into the stage. Immediately we assailed him with questions. Were any of them left at Abbadia? Had they a monastery in this place? The black habit at three miles from the Abbey could only mean that, somewhere near, was an off-shoot of St. Savior's. The Benedictine shook his head negatively in reply to all our questions. "But then where do you belong?" "I belong in Belgium. I am only in Italy for a fortnight's vacation." That was rather sad, as we had really wanted a monk for the Abbey, and this was one of the ancient glories of the Benedictines; but as a matter of fact we learned that they had left it in 1229 and that the Cistercians had taken it over

THE † SIGN

and occupied it then throughout several centuries. The Benedictine almost got us into trouble as he told us that the next station was the best place for us to stop. Several of the passengers said that he was wrong. He was so sure that he called to the chauffeur to let us off, and the stage stopped in the midst of confusion and protests of the driver that there was no stop at this point. The natives rebuked our kind but zealous friend and asserted that we were not to get off for half an hour. The Benedictine was finally convinced and apologized.

THE CHAUFFEUR went even faster now. We passed through one hamlet after the other, everywhere scattering children and chickens in a cloud of dust; we skirt the foot of hills, we race along the edge of a valley where the floor of it is all yellow with standing wheat; and then the road turns westward, and a castellated town appears perched upon an eminence, while below it, on the further side, a valley drops, making a hollow at its feet. Walls and tower are very old and of a weather-beaten color; there are remnants of a moat, and a bridge evidently takes the place of the ancient drawbridge for it leads directly to the great arch of the portal. Half fort, half palace, the sombre mass towers above us. This was the home of the warlike Aldobrandeschis, this their

impregnable Santa Fiora. One is always most awed at the peculiar characteristics of the place: the height, the strength, the power of resistance in it. The stage stops at the very foot of the castle—Santa Fiora is the last stop—and into our medieval impression dashes the living, tactile positiveness of a boy's face with a broad smile upon it. Maur has jumped up on the step before we know it and is beaming welcome. A few yards off the good Professor is waiting beside the machine, and we are very thankful to meet these two friends in the strange land and to let them be our guides.

The Professor has cast his camp some miles away and presently he will take us to it that we may rest there, but first we will take a preliminary glance at Santa Fiora. We shall come back many times. In fact Santa Fiora will become one of our haunts; but there is an odd and special charm in first contact with its unusualness. To begin with, one enters the town by crossing the vestibule of the palace or rather what was the guards' hall. The Aldobrandeschis's were going to be quite sure that no enemy or suspect was admitted to their domain. A huge fireplace is on one side, where the sentries could warm themselves on cold days. There are splendid ribbed vaults overhead, and stairways leading to the guards' quarters, to the tower, and to the apart-



SANTA FIORA: PARK BELOW THE SFORZA PALACE, AND VOTIVE CHAPEL DEDICATED TO THE VIRGIN MARTYRS, STS. FIORA AND LUCELLA, PATRONESSES OF THE TOWN

THE † SIGN

ments of the ruling Counts. At present the castle has but few objects of interest, yet the architecture remains to prove what it once was. An enclosed garden, full of flowers and fruit, recalls the memory of gentle women who lived and moved in centuries past beside their rude and despotic lords.

DUKE SFORZA CESARINI of Rome now holds the palace and land, in virtue of descent from the fighting Sforzas who made themselves masters of the keep in the fifteenth century. From the guards' hall, one emerges immediately onto the town square where the market is held, and from this several small brown streets steal away, as if they were afraid or ashamed, turning, they pass under arches formed by little galleries that unite one house to the other. Some of the houses are completely black, all of them being built of the local stone which darkens with age. On some are curious carved reliefs of animals and of men in medieval garments, mounted and hunting. It is Lombard art again, and we would swear that certain specimens are of the ninth century; but one cannot be quite sure because the material tends to darken quickly and one of the reliefs bore the date 1460. The town shelves down at the back, tier below tier, to the valley, and this lower part, so thickly built one must pick one's way down the steep alleys and by flights of stairs, is known as the "Borgo," that ancient Germanic word which all the European peoples adopted. Two years ago the burg of Santa Fiora began to give way, perhaps owing to a landslide, perhaps to extreme age, and many of the little hoary houses are still propped with beams. Behind them, and above them, is vertical, solid rock.

The Cathedral which has been too much modernized, possesses several fine genuine earthenware enamelled reliefs by the Della Robbias. The Last Supper with all the figures delicately and carefully modeled, and the Baptism of Our Lord in the Jordan, in which two angels with exquisite faces lean forward adoring and compassionating the God-Man in His humiliation, seemed to us among the best of these examples of Florentine sculpture.

Another delightful discovery at Santa Fiora was that of the densely-wooded park which descends from the outer walls of the palace enclosure, down the entire slope of the hill which it clothes with cool verdure, and which turns into cultivated flower gardens, walks and sylvan retreats toward the lower levels. This was the "pleasance" of the cultivated Sforzas in the

blossom-time of the Italian Renaissance, when all the courts were places of pleasure, and when the art of living required that every prince should be surrounded with refinements and delights. The gardens are full of roses and rare trees and shrubs, four hundred years after the grounds were first laid out. And they possess another rare feature. The springs of the river Fiora well up in the moss under the chestnut trees of the park, and the waters, gathered and channeled in open canals, flow about the gardens, running streams crossed by small rustic bridges, and along which stately fleets of ducks sail past like ships.

FLUICE controls the waters at the edge of the level ground, where the vertical fall to the valley begins, and even so, a fifty foot cataract leaps and plunges with such a volume of water that one gazes at it with awe sensing the power of that precipitous white-foaming avalanche. But the stream is caught again and mastered once more after its leap, and channels lead it to the long pond known as the *Peschiera*, the Fish Pond. This is another of the sights of Santa Fiora, and quite unique—a beautiful body of water crystal pure, in which the overhanging trees mirror their foliage. It is well stocked with fish, and particularly with trout, which is reserved for the Duke's table as it was in 1500. Indeed this whole estate gives one a very distinct and suggestive idea of the courtly, polished society of Italy in those days when the ladies must know Greek, and the men must be able to compose sonnets, as well as ride and fence. The grounds have suffered some damages, however, and an enterprising gardener sells beer to the thirsty tourist, which has lessened the romance of the gardens of Santa Fiora, delightful though they still are.

(To be continued.)

The true measure of loving God is to love Him without measure.—ST. BERNARD.

It is great wisdom indeed not to be rash in our doings nor to maintain too obstinately our own opinion—as also not to believe every man's word, nor presently to tell others the things that we have heard or believed. Consult with a wise and conscientious man; seek rather to be instructed by one—that is better than to follow thine own inventions . . . we often more readily believe and speak of another that which is evil than that which is good. But perfect men do not easily give credit to every report, because they know man's weakness, which is prone to evil and very subject to fail in words.—A. KEMPIS.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer as clearly as possible any question relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish all communications of more or less general interest. Please make your communications brief. The more questions, the better! As evidence of good faith, sign your name and address.

THE SIGN POST

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in your questions and comments. What interests you will very likely interest others, and will make this department more instructive and attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

PERSONAL REPLIES

To J. E. J., ERIE, PA. We have no knowledge of the case, and therefore can give no opinion.

To C. M. W. & O. M. G., PITTSBURGH, PA. The solution of your question depends on the time when the marriage took place. Consult a priest.

EMBARRASSED, PITTSBURGH, PA. Consult your physician.

AN IMPRUDENT PAPAL CHAMBERLAIN

I read in "Time" of November 21st, 1927, an editorial from "The Living Church" with the caption, "Papal Chamberlain Flayed." It seems that one Chevalier Giacinto Leccisi advertises himself as a "Papal Chamberlain, Attorney and Counsellor at Canon Law from Rome," who has opened an office in New York City "for the purpose of dealing with the annulment of marriages in the Roman Catholic Church, and in all matters pertaining to Canon Law." Will you kindly give me some information regarding this man? It makes us Catholics feel cheap when our Protestant friends throw this up to us and we cannot answer.—A. K., SHAMOKIN, PA.

A sensible Catholic can always answer that one should not arrive at snap judgments from what one reads in magazines and newspapers. All that is printed is not true, at least in the sense in which it is made to appear.

The editor of the *Living Church* was recently in receipt of a letter addressed to him by the Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., Secretary of the N.C.W.C., concerning the editorial which appeared in the *Living Church*, taking exception to his rushing into print about a Papal Chamberlain, and enlightening him on the case which he (Morehouse) so injudiciously bungled. The following paragraphs from Fr. Burke's letter are self-explanatory:

"Apropos of that card (Mr. Leccisi's business card), may I state categorically:

"(1) Mr. Leccisi is a private individual. Neither officially nor unofficially does he represent the Vatican. He is 'from Rome' only in the sense that he has at one time lived in that city, not that he was sent to the United States by the Vatican. The authorities of the Vatican do not know of his presence here.

"(2) Mr. Leccisi is merely an honorary Papal Chamberlain. As such he can no more be said to be a representative of the Roman Curia than one who has received a medal from Congress may be said to represent Congress.

"(3) The organization of a Diocesan Matrimonial Court is outlined, and in detail, by the Canon Law of the Church to such an extent that every official connected with the court, or any one allowed to appear before it, must be explicitly sanctioned by the Bishop of the diocese. Mr. Leccisi, as far as I know, has not been approved by any diocesan court in the United States.

"(4) The use of the word annulment, both on the card and in the editorial, is misleading. It is well known that the Church on sufficient evidence may declare a marriage null and void from the beginning and therefore no marriage at all. Intelligent readers will so understand the card; but it will as surely mislead and deceive the unintelligent.

"Would you kindly publish this letter in full. It will, I hope, remove your indignant fears and undo, at least in part, the misrepresentation of your editorial.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN J. BURKE, C.S.P.
General Secretary."

Catholics should manifest a little more confidence in the character of the Church, and not cringe in fear at every scare headline dealing with ecclesiastical matters.

ATTENDING PROTESTANT SERVICES

(1) *Is it a grievous sin to attend Protestant services, while not taking part in prayers and hymns which are contrary to Catholic dogma?* (2) *When does an occasion of sin become proximate?*—H. R., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) Both passive and active participation in Protestant religious worship are gravely forbidden to Catholics. The reason is evident. It is co-operation in an objectively false worship. Active participation in such services is more serious than merely being present. It is real or simulated approbation of error, and, therefore, can never be allowed. Passive participation may be allowed for a sufficiently weighty reason; as, for example, when the official capacity of a Catholic mayor or governor demands his presence at a funeral conducted in a Protestant church. But others, who have no such excusing cause, are forbidden both active and passive assistance.

(2) When the sin is morally certain to follow. A proximate occasion of sin is like putting on roller skates when you do not know how to use them. It is not long before you fall.

THE † SIGN

LIFE OF ST. GALL

(1) *Where can I obtain The Life of St. Gall, whose feast day is celebrated on July 1st?* (2) *May lay people conclude personal letters with such expressions as—Yours in Christ, Yours in Christ's Passion, etc., or are such reserved for priests and religious?*—J. J. G., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

(1) Butler's Lives of the Saints is the only place which we know of containing an account of the life of St. Gall.

(2) Such expressions are more commonly used by priests and religious, but they may be employed by lay people if they so wish.

SCRIPTURAL DIFFICULTIES

(1) *In reading your serial stories of Genesis I am confused in trying to understand the two different accounts of the Creation. I would thank you to enlighten me on this point.* (2) *Has the Bible which you advertise footnotes explaining obscure passages?* (3) *When did the Deluge occur?* (4) *Why did men live so much longer before the Deluge than they do now?*—M. E. M., EVERETT, MASS.

(1) We fail to understand your difficulty in regard to what you call "the two different accounts of the Creation." Possibly you refer to the first two chapters of the Book of Genesis, which were printed in the Bible Series in THE SIGN. Chapter the first gives a comprehensive account of Creation. Chapter the second, verses 4 to 17, repeats in general terms what is written in the preceding chapter. From verses 17 to 25 of chapter the second, the Creation of Adam and Eve, recounted in general terms in the first chapter, verse 27, is narrated more in detail. Chapter the second is supplementary of chapter the first.

(2) Yes, in a popular manner. (3) It is now known with certainty when the Deluge occurred. The Masoretic Text of the Scriptures says that it took place in the Year of the World, 1656; 2348 years before Christ. These dates may be taken as fairly accurate. (4) The longevity of the ancients before the Deluge can be explained to some extent on natural grounds. Ordinarily progenitors are more vigorous, and consequently longer lived than their descendants. Progeny tends to become weaker the longer the line. Men in those days lived a life close to nature. Their food was in sympathy with their organisms. They ate plenty of what physicians nowadays recommend so highly as corrective of digestive disorders—roughage. No canned foods in these days. They were not eternally in a hurry. There were no factory whistles, whirring wheels, and autos to disturb the even tenor of their lives. As they watched their flocks in the verdant fields they enjoyed leisure to live. Time has changed all that. We have paid the price of mechanistic perfection in the grinding down of the forces of life. We have gotten away from the natural life of the old giants, and as a result do not share their longevity. Now the human frame is subjected to a constant pressure on all sides. Excitement, not religion, is the opium of the people. There are more varieties of disease today than there are of Heinz' pickles. Moderns haven't got time to grow old gracefully. A short life

but a fast one is the vogue. Again, God seems to have shortened man's span because they did not take advantage of the time given them to do penance.—(GEN. 6:3).

MARRIED STIGMATICS AND SANCTITY

(1) *I read in the Little Flower Magazine that 321 souls were favored with the stigmata so far. Was there ever a married person so favored?* (2) *If a person has a true desire for sainthood, will it please God to favor such a soul?* (3) *How can one acquire sainthood?*—T. S. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.

(1) We cannot vouch for the truth of the statement.

(2) If you mean—will God grant one who strives for sanctity the favor of the stigmata—we cannot answer that either. It depends upon the good pleasure of God. But if you mean—will God favor with His grace a person who aspires to Christian holiness—we can answer that He assuredly will. It is the will of God that we become saints—all of us. In numerous passages in both the Old and the New Testaments this truth is found. St. Paul expresses it thus: "This is the will of God, your sanctification." Many Christians are under the misapprehension that sainthood means canonization. If that were the case, then it would not be much use trying—so few reach that glory. All are called, however, "to be saints." That is, with a small "s," not with a capital "S." It is not a counsel, but a precept.

(3) Sainthood, or sanctity, is acquired by the faithful and constant observance of the commandments of God. "This do and thou shalt live," said Our Lord. That is, you will live the life of the spirit—the life of divine grace and friendship with God, which is sanctification. Greater fidelity to the commandments means higher degrees of sanctity. Christ says "be perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect." That is, to make His limitless perfections the model, in so far as we are capable, of our own perfection. "He that is sanctified, let him be sanctified still." In striving to lead a life of fervent piety the aid of an enlightened confessor is invaluable.

CONCERNING LUTHER

Would you kindly recommend a book which refutes the teachings of Luther and the principles of the so-called reformation?—A. A. V., DORCHESTER, MASS.

We recommend "Facts About Luther," by Monsignor O'Hara. This book is the result of many years' study. It is written in a popular style and well worth reading by those who are interested to know how to refute Luther and his doctrines. Its cost is \$1.00. Ten cents extra for postage. It may be procured through THE SIGN. The "Catholic Encyclopedia" also contains solid information about Luther and the Reformation.

MARRIAGE AND MISUNDERSTANDING

(1) *My sweetheart is a non-Catholic. Some thirteen years ago he married a Catholic girl before a minister. Now he wants to become a Catholic and marry again before a priest. What is to be done in*

THE † SIGN

a case of this kind? He is to be divorced soon. (2) In reading THE SIGN POST I read the answer to this question: "Can a married Protestant whose partner has not lived up to the marriage contract get a divorce, become a Catholic, and marry a Catholic girl." You said in reply: "If both parties were baptized the marriage was a sacrament with the same qualities of unity and indissolubility as enjoyed by Catholic marriages." Will you please make this answer a little more clear for me?—A. D., NEWARK, N. J.

(1) The validity of the marriage before the minister must be decided by the bishop of the diocese. Before that is decided you cannot marry. Mention this case to a priest of your parish.

(2) Marriage between two baptized Christians is a sacrament, and as such has the qualities of unity and indissolubility. That is, the bond between one man and one woman till death. It makes no difference in what church a person was baptized. When a sacramental marriage has been contracted, and the parties have lived together as man and wife, no power on earth can dissolve the bond thereof. Death alone can sever the union.

NOTE: Are you not ashamed of keeping company with a married man? Are your chances of getting married so slim that you must be satisfied with a second-hand husband?

A PRAYER: WORTHINESS

(1) What is meant by offerings of Papal Blood?
(2) May a girl who has sinned against the sixth commandment hope to become a nun?—L. H., PITTSBURGH, PA.

(1) There is no such thing as an Offering of Papal Blood. No doubt you refer to Offerings of the Precious Blood of Jesus. This is a devotion practised by lovers of Christ's Passion, and sanctioned by the Church, whereby they ask God for favors in honor of the Blood shed by Our Lord during His sufferings. The Scriptures tell us that the blood of Abel, shed by his brother, Cain, cried to God for vengeance. (GEN. 4:10). St. Paul says that Christ's blood speaks louder for mercy than Abel's for vengeance. (HEB. 12:24). The following is an indulgenced offering of the Precious Blood: "Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ in satisfaction for my sins, and for the wants of Holy Church." (100 days' indulgence for each recitation).

(2) We see no reason why she cannot, if she be sincerely repentent.

THERESA NEUMAN—STIGMATIC

I read a story about the extraordinary case of Theresa Neuman in Germany. Is it true that she has the stigmata, and that she has lived on nothing except water and the Sacred Host for four years?—N. J. B., PITTSBURGH, PA.

We know nothing about the girl except what has appeared in the press, and are not in a position to pronounce a judgment on the case.

JESUS' IDEAL OF LIVING

Could you furnish me with some information about "Jesus' Ideal of Living," by G. Walter Fiske? Is it a Catholic book?—C. M. P., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

We do not know of the book, but we opine that it is not a Catholic book.

PASTORAL MEDICINE

(1) Can a man addicted to drugs receive the Sacraments and still keep on using them? (2) Some people claim that if a drug addict stops suddenly, he may die. Is this true? Can he be cured without going to a sanatorium?—J. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(1) Every Catholic, repenting of his sins, can receive the Sacraments, no matter what the nature of his sin. It is for the confessor to judge whether the man's use of drugs is an impediment or not. Nearly every one who uses medicine habitually is a drug taker.

(2) Consult a competent physician.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

I made a novena to St. Jude, asking him to intercede with God for me that I might pass all my State Regents' examinations. Thanks to his intercession, I was 100 per cent successful.—J. A. M., PATERSON, N. J.

My husband needed money badly. I prayed to St. Jude that those who owed him money would pay him. He met a man whom he didn't see for fifteen years and who paid my husband the money he owed him. He also received other sums.—M. E. S., HACKENSACK, N. J.

I wish to acknowledge a great favor received through the intercession of St. Jude.—S. O. C., NEWARK, N. J.

I prayed to St. Jude for a better position and was notified of an increase in salary.—J. M. P., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Inclosed you will find \$5.00 in thanksgiving for the favor of finding employment through the intercession of St. Jude.—J. F. W., W. LYNN, MASS.

My brother lost his position and I prayed to St. Jude for assistance in having him reinstated, which so happened.—N. S., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The following also wish to acknowledge favors received through the intercession of St. Jude: D. J. K.; A. S., ST. ALBANS, N. Y.; J. F. N., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; M. B., ELIZABETH, N. J.; D. O., WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.; M. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; N. C. R., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.; M. M. M., DRABSBURG, PA.; A. G., E. CHELMSFORD, MASS.; S. F. M., CATONSVILLE, MD.; A. M. K., WASHINGTON, D. C.; C. A., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; M. M. H., PITTSBURGH, PA.; Eighth Grade, PHILADELPHIA, PA.; M. G. L., LOWELL, MASS.; P. M. L.; A. J., RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.; F. J. J., DORCHESTER, MASS.; E. G., DORCHESTER, MASS.; M. P. S., CAPE BRETON, N. S.; B. W., WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.; M. M., McKEESPORT, PA.; C. A. S., LOUISVILLE, KY.; J. F. LOWELL, MASS.; K. J. E., BROCTON, MASS.; C. E. L., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; E. L., NEWTONVILLE, MASS.; A. B., PITTSBURGH, PA.; V. T., EDEN VALLEY, MINN.

THE † SIGN

It seemed almost impossible to rent my house, but after making a novena to St. Jude I succeeded in renting it.—A. N., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Having read the thanksgivings to St. Jude in your November issue of *THE SIGN*, I decided to place two important factors in my life under his care. His help in one of these was instantaneous, and I feel certain that both favors will be fully granted before the end of 1927.—E. D., NEW YORK CITY.

Kindly accept my donation of \$5.00 for the missionaries in China in thanksgiving for a favor received through St. Jude, I said the prayers for a few days and my favor was granted.—R. F. B., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y.

Several months ago my wife was told by her physician that she had a fibrous growth that would necessitate a serious operation. She went to the hospital for an examination preparatory to the operation. On the eve of her visit I promised St. Jude that I would make a novena and have Mass offered in thanksgiving if my wife were spared the operation. When the doctor examined her again he found that the fibrous growth had disappeared.—R. J. F., LYNN, MASS.

Inclosed find \$5.00 for the Chinese Missions in thanksgiving to St. Jude, who obtained for me a favor which seemed impossible.—A. F. G., BOSTON, MASS.

The following also wish to acknowledge favors received through the intercession of St. Jude: M. E. M., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; M. M. P., EAST ORANGE, N. J.; H. F. G., LOWELL, MASS.; M. C., AURORA, ILL.; F. J. K., CINCINNATI, OHIO; E. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; G. M. C., DORCHESTER, MASS.; N. M. G., HALIFAX, N. C.; A. F. K., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; L. M. M., FAIR HAVEN, VT.; N. C., HAWLEY, PA.; I. M., THROOP, PA.; K. L., ST. JOSEPH, MO.; D. E. M., DORCHESTER, MASS.; J. O'R., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; S. G., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; J. B. H., ST. LOUIS, MO.; M. E. F., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; J. H., HOBOKEN, N. J.; E. S., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; W. H. C., NEWTON CENTER, MASS.; M. B. F., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; A. M. D., PITTSBURGH, PA.; N. N., TUCKAHOE, N. Y.; L. A. S., FLUSHING, N. Y.; H. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; H. C., CHICAGO, ILL.; J. J. K., MAYWOOD, ILL.; A. B., PITTSBURGH, PA.; M. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; E. J. M., BRONX, N. Y.; D. H. M., BROOKLINE, MASS.; M. J. D., CHICAGO, ILL.; T. F. S., SOMERVILLE, MASS.; A. M. P., NEWARK, N. J.; Sr. M. I., TORONTO, CAN.; E. M. O'C., WESTWOOD, N. J.; R. R., PANA, ILL.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

After being away from the Church forty years, my brother came back before his death, received the Last Sacraments, and was buried with a funeral Mass. Thanks to the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Mother, and the Holy Souls.—P. A. L., JEANETTE, PA.

After reading the article on Gemma Galgani in the June *SIGN* I became much interested in her. Some time later my husband's truck broke down. If it was not repaired in time it would mean great loss to him. Through the intercession of Gemma, I feel sure, the truck was repaired that very day and

everything was all right in spite of the accident.—A. M. B., FT. THOMAS, KY.

I was stricken with a severe case of stomach trouble. I prayed to Gemma Galgani and promised publication if she helped me. Thanks to her intercession I was relieved at once, and I haven't been troubled since.—A. P. B., BOSTON, MASS.

Kindly send the inclosed \$15.00 to the Chinese Missions as a thank offering to the Little Flower for a great favor which she obtained for me.—M. H., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

The following also acknowledge thanksgivings: R. D., SECAUCUS, N. J.; H. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; H. C., SHARON, PA.; A. MCG., AUDUBON, N. J.; P. H. C., SCOTSDALE, PA.; M. C. H., PITTSFIELD, MASS.; C. G., QUINCY, MASS.; M. C. S., SPRINGFIELD, ILL.; J. S., DEAL, N. J.; M. C., ST. LOUIS, MO.; M. C. K., ST. LOUIS, MO.; J. H. V., APPLETON, WIS.; E. MCG., ST. LOUIS, MO.; A. V. M., MONTCLAIR, N. J.; M. H., DES MOINES, IOWA; A. L., UNION CITY, N. J.; S. E. R., CINCINNATI, OHIO; Mrs. F. G. H., HOBOKUS, N. J.

I wish to make public acknowledgment of a remarkable favor which I attribute to the novena which I have been making to St. Gabriel. I was recently in a peculiar automobile accident in which the car took fire and my companion and I were surrounded by flames. Without knowing how, we both escaped injury from what the onlookers thought would be certain death.—L. S., MADISON, N. J.

Inclosed find \$10.00 for your missions in China. I promised the Little Flower to send \$5.00 if she obtained the favor I was praying for. I received it on the ninth day. I mentioned this to a non-Catholic friend. She was so impressed that she handed me \$5.00 to send to you, asking to be remembered in your prayers.—F. C. H., HOBOKUS, N. J.

I wish to thank Our Lady of Lourdes and good St. Jude for relief from nervousness which attacked me in critical form.—E. G. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Please publish my grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, His Most Holy Wounds, Our Lady of Victory, and Our Mother of Sorrows for the return of my father to the sacraments after an absence of over thirty years.—A. M. M., TRAVERSE CITY, MICH.

Please publish my thanks to The Precious Blood, St. Jude, and the Blessed Virgin for a great favor. I was almost in despair for my son who could not find a position. Thanks to God, he finally got a pretty good one.—E. F. S., ONTARIO, CAN.

The following also wish to publish their thanks: D. R., NEW YORK, N. Y.; E. C., JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS.; A. P., UNION CITY, N. J.; A. R. MCC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; A. M. F., WINFIELD, L. I.; J. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; F. J. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; E. R. B., UNION CITY, N. J.; A. M., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; M. O'R., PATERSON, N. J.; H. L. H., NEW HARTFORD, N. Y.; M. G. B., SOMERVILLE, MASS.; B. L., EAGLE ROCK, CALIF.; D. W. C., DORCHESTER, MASS.; M. J. F., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; K. A. F. A. F. A., BROOKLINE, MASS.; R. K., MILWAUKEE, WIS.; G. C., MEDFORD, MASS.; F. H., WABAN, MASS.; E. B. W., QUEENS, N. Y.; T. O'N., WOODSIDE, N. Y.; J. R. D., NEW YORK, N. Y.; M. C. B., ST. LOUIS, MO.; K. C., BRONX, N. Y.

Communications

STREET PREACHING

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

All the signs of the times point to the fact that the time is now more than ripe for qualified Catholic laymen to go out into the highways and byways and proclaim Catholic Truth, under the direction of Holy Church.

Millions wait for the Truth, so why do we stand all the day idle. Free speech within the law is our civil heritage. Let us use it now in the greatest of all causes.

WOLLASTON, MASS.

WILLIAM E. KERRISH.

THE "BOYS" IN HUNAN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

My "young life" has taught me two things in regard to money. First: to have little for myself is to keep alive my sense of dependence on God. Second: St. Joseph (*my* procurator) has never allowed me to actually want whenever I have given anything for the love of God and for His works. Apart from this, though Missionary life has always interested me, I have been so strongly drawn from the first to the Chinese Missions of the Passionists, that it is a genuine delight for me to do what little I may to help them.

I have a great interest in the "Boys" over in Hunan and follow their doings month by month and give them a distinct place in my prayers. I have been made very happy by their splendid playing of the game. I read between the lines of their simple descriptions and recognize their human sufferings and distress, the while they, by God's grace, keep on keeping on.

Often I feel in reading their letters that I am present at some early Christian gathering where the young Church is gaining in strength and growth by persecution. God is certainly blessing your Chinese Missions, and the young men you have sent out seem to be so specially fitted for the work—so specially gifted by God's grace to build up His Church in China.

What else can it be but a fresh marvel of His grace when you unhesitatingly send young men, newly ordained, from the quiet of community life in a monastery into the unknown and untried ways of foreign mission work. It should be a matter of great thanksgiving that they have been tried by persecution and not found wanting.

I do hope all will come to their help not only by praying for them but also by giving financial assistance.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

MARGARET FULLER.

PAPTISTICAL—APISTICAL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In perusing the November issue of THE SIGN I notice that Mr. Thomas Davis takes the Editor to task over his comment of Mr. Summerfield Baldwin's

article in the *Atlantic Monthly*. I am impelled to "put my nose" in to the extent of saying that the Editor is more right in his criticism than even he can know, despite his large experience. I am living in the very midst of an Anglican parish which is being turned, from its quiet old-fashioned Church of England ways into a modern Catholic (so called) Church, and my patience is sorely tried. The real danger comes from the children growing up in this sham Catholicism. It takes possession of them to such an extent that they believe themselves to be real Catholics and makes their conversion an almost hopeless matter. All that you see in the English Catholic and other papers concerning deceptive methods of Anglican parsons is not only true but is a very small bit of the full truth. I believe that your critic has far more of the true charity we need in discussing these matters than that of the well meaning Mr. Davis. The Anglo-Catholic Church is Papistical without the P [apistical].

LONDON, ENGLAND.

EDITH AGNES SALTER.

CONCERNING THE SIGN POST

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Let me congratulate you on THE SIGN POST. I read the whole department with much interest. Some of the questions seem so futile but the answers lift them into the quite worthwhile, and I find myself constantly refreshed in mind and memory. The clear, straightforward and comprehensive answers and comments are a pleasure and at times a real help—a spiritual help, too. More than once when the devil was around with his dust, confusing me, THE SIGN's answers came to the rescue—with never a question asked! I hardly know which to admire most: the answers themselves or the gentle charity with which the Editor of the Department bears fools gladly.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

CHARLES MAXWELL.

FROM A COLORED LAWYER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Mr. Francis Spriggs, Editor of *The Council Review*, has called my attention to "Colored Catholicism" in THE SIGN of October, 1927, by Rev. Mark Moeslein, C.P., and asked me to reply thereto. As I was not present at the Third Annual Convention of the Federated Colored Catholics, I am not able to say anything in the nature of a reply to that able and instructive criticism of the apparent policies there advocated.

May I make comment on some things in Fr. Moeslein's article which seem to me to be salient points.

The non-presence of both white and colored Catholics. The Federation is young and not well known, even among the colored people. I received my own first knowledge of its existence from non-Catholic sources.

The very name "Colored Catholic Federation" savors somewhat of the very things the Catholic Negro complains of. And I do not like the words "Colored Catholicism" for the same reason.

The grievances, six in number, are clearly stated and condemned. The paragraphs pertaining to

THE † SIGN

numbers 4, 5 and 6 are very pertinent. The Catholic Church in America has been in contact with the American Negro for nearly four hundred years, and the fact that during this period only eight or nine Negroes have reached the priesthood does not show the American Church as having much interest in the conversion of the black people.

W. E. B. DuBois in the *Crisis*, the organ of the National Association for the Advancement of the Colored People, said that the neglect of the Catholic Church to offer her privileges in this respect was due to the "Irish" Hierarchy here. We've never paused to consider whether or not the Irish character of the American Church has anything to do with this situation. Of course, the American Church is largely an Irish creation, and if there were no Irish, God only knows if we'd have any Catholic Church here. But we mention this only to show that the conditions the Federation complains of have attracted attention among leading Negroes outside of the fold. Not that we endorse their conclusions. Fr. Moeslein does not minimize these grievances but gives them their full effect.

That we are sore is too well known, but that we shall commit the great error of charging the Catholic Church with upholding these discriminations would be suicidal. Our aim is to enlighten those among our white brethren who can help us.

The duty of the Catholic Negroes to take more interest in the work of the Church is not to be denied. That we should furnish candidates for the sisterhoods and for the priesthood is a patent fact. That we have been remiss in this respect is just as patent. But there is a reason and the reason lies right there where the complaints lie. If the laymen are denied the common material privileges that go with being a Catholic, how can it be expected that the upper doors shall be crowded with applicants for admission. We are losing ground even where the colored people have been Catholic for generations. The losses must be made up by conversions. Race prejudice and discriminations in Catholic schools and churches are not likely to assist us in bringing non-Catholic laymen into the fold, to say nothing of inducing Negro boys and girls to consider the priesthood and the sisterhoods.

We have had no hopes encouraged among us that our boys and girls can be prepared to be ministering angels to our group, let alone serving white congregations. I might pause here to say that perhaps it is well that a colored priesthood has not yet arrived, if the intention shall be that they are not good enough to serve any Catholic congregation. If the idea be that Negro Catholic priests shall be barred from some Catholic altars, it is best not to have colored priests, for it will only add to present difficulties. However, this question is not imminent. We feel that the dignity of a Catholic priest is so great that he can serve anywhere that his own personality is not an obstacle.

The only way to prevent such a question from arising is that the Hierarchy take a stand against all forms of involuntary segregation and the evil discrimination which arises out of it. In localities where Negroes are numerous churches will naturally be colored simply because of their locality. We don't wish separate churches simply because of race. No

one expects the Holy Father to issue any such order as that mentioned by Fr. Moeslein. We are not so simple as that. We desire that the Church authorities take a definite stand as the Pope has taken a definite stand against the evil and not to compromise with it. The United States Government made the mistake of compromising with this evil in the political sphere. Had the Government lived up to its pretenses as regards political equality, the white people would have followed its example. So in the Church unless a firm stand is taken in the beginning against involuntary segregation and discrimination, when the evil has taken root it will be simply impossible to change it.

That the mass of colored people agree with the speakers at the Third Annual Convention must not be doubted because they were not there or have not been heard from. These speakers have nothing to gain by making these outcries. They are merely voices in the wilderness. The Federation, it is said, is not necessary to the Catholic colored people. They don't need it. Nothing is absolutely necessary except God. But the Federation can be made what it ought to be; it is young yet.

Catholic whites received their knowledge of the faith from others and should be glad to pass it on to us, especially as the nearest missionary field they have. The Federation is open to them for membership and, as an inter-racial factor, there is no doubt but that it will be a means of attracting many more Negroes to the Church than ordinary methods under the present conditions.

Too much cannot be expected of the Federation at the beginning. Young Catholic Negroes will not accept the old time "stay in your place" advice; they are affected by the tendencies of the age, the same as the young white people. Telling us that we can get nowhere with our complaints instead of assisting us to remedy them will not help at all. It only deepens the resentment.

TACOMA, WASH.

GUSTAVE B. ALDRICH.

REMAILING CATHOLIC LITERATURE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Rev. R. G. Bandas of St. Paul's Seminary has a letter in the January issue of *THE SIGN*, which is headed "For Rural Catholicity." These words are found in it: "In the mission regions of this great country there are ever so many of the true fold and others yet outside thereof starving for the bread of Catholic truth, and it is for the sake of these spiritually unfortunate brethren that we ask anew to obtain a host of generous 'remailers.'" Did many Catholics on New Year's Day form the resolution to pass their Catholic papers to Catholics who are too poor to subscribe for Catholic papers, or to non-Catholics who appreciate them highly? Here is one example of a Baptist minister in this town who a year or so ago worked with the K. K. K. He had for a few months been receiving *Our Sunday Visitor*. Now he sees the wrong he did to Mother Church and is not afraid to tell his brethren of his change of mind. Dear Catholics, do not destroy your Catholic papers since non-Catholics need them and even ask for them.

DENTON, TEXAS.

(REV.) RAYMOND VERMIMONT.

What Can a Layman Do?

The Retreat Movement and the Lay Apostolate

By EDWARD WARREN JOYCE

THE PURPOSE of the retreat movement is to accomplish the personal sanctification of as many men as possible. This object, once attained, automatically results in the creation of a large number of Catholic men who have become so imbued with the true spirit of the Church that they are in effect lay-apostles.

The lay-apostolate is a current term which seems in danger of becoming misused. To confine ourselves strictly to the subject under discussion it would be well, therefore, to have a clear conception of the meaning of this expression. The lay-apostolate simply means a group of laymen who do not confine their Catholicity within the narrow compass of obedience merely to the Ten Commandments. An apostle is one so enamored with God and His Church that he seeks by all reasonable means within his power to serve the Church and spread her doctrines. An apostle is not a time server; he is a teacher—one who spreads the Word and is so filled with zeal that his ardor knows only the bounds of his human limitations.

The Church consists of three divisions, the bishops, the clergy and the laity. She is organized like an army. The bishops may be likened to the general staff operating under the guidance of the great general, the Pope. The clergy might be compared with line officers, and the laity correspond to the privates in this vast organization which is continually making warfare upon the forces of evil. Generals and officers alone cannot conduct a successful war. Unless they have the active and unflinching support of the men in the ranks their work can accomplish but little. In waging the ceaseless battle for Christ, therefore, it is absolutely necessary that the bishops and the clergy have not merely the passive assent and approval of the laity but that they have the active, aggressive support of the mighty Catholic manhood of the Church. Here, therefore, appears the need and the place of the lay-apostolate; millions of men, as it were, in serried ranks stretching beyond the farthest horizon, filled with the zeal of crusaders, burning with ardor and fighting the good fight, each in his own separate sphere, but all in union and with a

very definite objective constantly before their eyes.

There seems little need of dwelling at length upon present-day conditions. We live in a thrill-mad, money-mad, sex-mad age. Materialism dominates our schools and colleges. By millions of people God has been ruthlessly discarded as a factor in the equation of life. To every proposition of whatever nature that may be submitted to people today, the almost invariable answer is, "What does it get me?" Innumerable men test all values by the touch-stone of the dollar sign, not to speak of baser motives that actuate human conduct.

The effects of these conditions are easily seen. A religious census by our Government reveals the fact that over 60,000,000 Americans have so little regard for the claims of religion that they do not even claim affiliation with any religion whatever. Is it any wonder, therefore, that we find ourselves in the midst of a crime wave? Is it to be marveled at that our divorce rate is the greatest of any nation in the world; that major offences of every nature have increased to vast proportions; that juvenile delinquency has become a national scandal; that our colleges are actually producing agnostics and unbelievers. Our moral status is such that President Coolidge has stated that only by a return to religion can the nation be saved.

Nor can we, as Catholics, feel that this indictment concerns only those outside the Church. Our own ranks are being reduced day by day by these forces. Godless education, mixed marriages, disrupted homes, are taking their toll even among our own. At the same time a recent scholarly discussion has arisen concerning the small number of converts being made to the Church yearly in this country. According to *The Catholic Directory* in 1926 only 35,000 conversions were made by our 25,000 priests, or an average of 1 1/4 converts per priest.

IT WERE faithless to think that the Church can succumb to any forces arrayed against her, because her life is divine and Christ's promise is eternal. While granting this, however, we must not forget that while the Church herself can never perish, she has often been crushed, her

THE † SIGN

members scattered, and their Faith stolen from them in different lands. England was robbed of her Faith four hundred years ago. France, the "eldest daughter of the Church," has during the past generation fallen into the hands of an atheistic Government which expelled religious orders, banned Christian education in the schools.

AND WHAT of poor Mexico today? Below the Rio Grande Satan rules with an iron hand. Churches are closed, priests and religious are banished, the tongues of youthful martyrs are torn out for daring to invoke the sacred name of Jesus, millions thirst for spiritual sustenance. And why? One of the reasons is the faithlessness, the supine indifference of her Catholic laity—men whom God has blessed with intelligence and religious training but who are spineless Catholics. If Mexico had the active, vigilant lay-apostolate which by every right should be hers, history would not now be inscribing the red record that is lengthened daily.

Let us not deceive ourselves into a sense of false security. The same forces that despoiled other nations are both violently and intelligently active here. Against the prevailing philosophies of modernism and indifferentism, against the Godless education and lax morality of the age, against the enervating sybaritic luxury of today, the Church has set her face unflinchingly.

These forces are as a blight not only on religion but also on society and social stability. The Church in working for the spiritual welfare of her members is also working for the interests of society and constituted authority in every land. Unless she has the staunch support of all her forces, the battle cannot be won. Laymen have an unescapable obligation to fulfill their function as members of the lay-apostolate. Be it said in all truth, however, that thousands of Catholic men are today giving unsparingly of their time and efforts in this great modern crusade. They are teaching by example, the example of living Catholicity than which there is no better teacher.

But it is not sufficient to teach by example alone. "Faith without good works is dead." It is not right that we, though only laymen, should recline supinely and leave the entire burden to the clergy. Are we not, also, members of the Church? Do we not likewise share in her grace and blessings? When Christ charged the twelve to "Go forth and teach all nations," He spoke to twelve laymen. They were not yet ordained priests, let alone apostles.

Many laymen are teaching by word and action.

Let me cite the example of one of my acquaintances, a business man in Boston. He is an excellent Catholic. When he finds that a non-Catholic shows the proper disposition and exhibits some interest in religion, he invites him to attend a Solemn High Mass with him on Sunday. He selects one of our greatest and most beautiful churches where magnificent ceremonial, sublime music and pulpit eloquence unite as in a heavenly symphony to lift one far above the realm of earth. By so doing and by placing in the hands of such a man instructive reading matter, this business man has been responsible for sixteen conversions to the Church. No doubt there are many more such cases, but I cite these only as examples of what a layman can do when imbued with the apostolic spirit.

Why cannot each retreat league, as an organization, assist in this work in its respective locality? Several years ago St. Gabriel's Retreat League sponsored a public retreat for non-Catholics in our public chapel. All the expenses of the retreat, including the purchase of books for free distribution, were defrayed by the League. As a result a yearly harvest was reaped of from twenty-five to forty converts.

What has this to do with the relations existing between the retreat movement and the lay-apostolate? The answer is that experience has proven that the lay-apostolate finds its greatest source of strength in the laymen's retreat movement. An apostle must have not merely faith, but a consuming faith. He must have not merely ordinary loyalty to the Church, but a sense of unfaltering personal devotion to Christ. By leaving the world for a few days, and in the solitude of the Retreat House, under the skillful guidance of the retreat master, living a life of reflection and meditation upon the eternal truths, a man realizes vividly the beautiful—and terrible—realities of the Catholic religion. By meditating upon the Passion of Christ there is generated within him a great love for Christ. Sanctified by the graces he has received, fortified by the sacraments and with a will so firmly steeled as to make him stronger than a thousand men, he goes forth again to meet the temptations of daily life equipped now to battle manfully with the world, the flesh and the devil.

HE RETURNS to the same world, but a far different man. Into his home he carries love, patience, forbearance. To his trade or profession he brings honesty and justice in all his dealings. Among his associates he is marked for his clean

tongue and his devotion to truth. In his parish he becomes an indefatigable aid to his pastor in the furtherance of all good works. If he be in public life, there, too, does he prove himself by fidelity to his trust.

In a word, he has become a member of the lay-apostolate. No longer is he simply "another Catholic." He is a virile Catholic, an active Catholic. He is willing, if need be, to lay down his life in defence of his Faith. He no longer feels that the making of converts is simply the priest's work. He realizes that he has a hundred contacts with well-disposed non-Catholics to one that a priest might have. He becomes active in his parish societies, in Catholic charities. He brings friends, both Catholic and non-Catholic, to make retreats. He encourages the delinquent Catholic and helps him on the road to a restora-

tion of his weakened faith. But, above all, the power of his example reaches far as a visible proof of the ability to live, even in this day and age, in accordance with Catholic teaching.

BECAUSE the retreat movement produces such men and such results, because the retreat movement is constantly recruiting new additions to the lay-apostolate, retreat work has become a powerful factor in the Church today. The relation between the retreat movement and the lay-apostolate is as the relation between cause and effect. The Church *could* exist without the retreat movement but were she to abandon it, she would relinquish one of her strongest arms of defence. The need for lay-apostles is apparent and compelling. So long as this need exists will there be a fixed place for the retreat movement in the Church.

A Son of the Prairie

The Simple Story of Francis A. Fanning

IF YOU DO not like religion in large doses, in "great gobs" as a collegian would put it, do not read this.

By JANE-HOWE KENNEDY

religious nature he ran to idealism, and lived, in spite of his houseful

of noisy youngsters and happy, laughing, very talkative wife, in a world of his own, which he peopled with men and maids not of this earth.

Francis A. Fanning was forty-six years old; married; the father of six children and the husband of a wife who wanted to do right. He owned one hundred and sixty acres of as good land as laid out of doors; farmed in an up-to-the-minute manner, and had that sure-fire way of making worth-while things come his way with a vengeance.

Riding his tractor as the sun wheeled its slow way through the heavens he would consider its brilliancy and think of how Blessed Campion, on his way to martyrdom, had mentioned how soon he would be looking down upon that selfsame bright and shining sun. He wondered how he would have acted under like circumstances and how it felt to be looking down on instead of up at the sun.

His four oldest children were in school in Milwaukee. Francis, Jr., was a law student in Marquette. Mary eighteen, Virginia sixteen, and Eloise fourteen, were students in St. Mary's Academy, out on Superior Street. Anthony and Stephen, nine and seven, were in St. Patrick's parochial school in Janesville, Wis. Each morning, taking the two youngest to school, as he took the milk to the creamery, he drove around the block, parked his truck at the side of the church and ran in for a minute's visit.

At the furrow's end he stopped often beneath the shade of a friendly tree to admire, with a joy akin to pain, the checkered sunshine and shadow it cast as it filtered through the leaves. He found it easy to think with St. Francis of Assisi; to think as he did, to love as he did and to beg of him a real love of life and of life's Creator.

Thoroughness, force of character and devotion to duty, coupled with a high regard of the best ideals, were all strong in this man. Of an intensely

THE BIRDS knew him well. A wee bridge he had fixed on his tractor lured many of his feathered friends. One pair of robins in particu-

THE † SIGN

lar, their pretty heads cocked saucily to one side, their bright, intent eyes fixed seriously upon him, took more than one ride down the furrows with him. His cows, horses, pigs, all the fowl on the place came at his call; came often just at sight of him.

His family teased him about this. None of them sensed that their plainly-dressed, hard-working father was a man of rare gifts and rarer individuality. That is, none of them save Eloise. That daughter of his sensed his every desire and she drew him as a magnet draws the strongest steel. Vacations, after the day's work, she would perch on the arm of his chair, take the paper or book from his tanned hands, cup his lean, sensitive face in her soft palms, look long into his steel gray eyes and lay her pretty, rounded cheek against his weather-beaten one with a gesture of almost infinite sympathy, understanding and companionship.

She was his girl; the core of his heart. Well he knew that when he abandoned his farm on account of an unavoidable engagement in another world he would leave behind him, in the guise of this slim girl, another Francis A. Fanning. She was to be a nun! That had been settled between them when she was nine. Her kind, busy, practical mother had bid her hush when she chattered of her plans but daddy always had time for her tales; tales that sometimes took them both far from the dear farm home. Always she was to be a teacher; always her pupils were to be exactly like her father had been when he was in school.

Listening to her childish voice beating in his lovingly attentive ears he told himself that the man who failed to be continually on his Sunday-school behavior, as far as his children were concerned, was truly the meanest of God's creatures. He thought, too, how true were the words: "A child shall be its parent's anchor."

HIS BIG, experienced nature carried with it the patience of eternal restraint. And yet, often he had told himself, at times with a wearying wonder, that some blood not of a tame, conventional race must have flowed in the veins of his ancestors. It was Eloise who all unknowingly steadied him. The touch of her soft, clinging fingers underneath his own had always acted anchor-like for him. No one knew better than he that a child was its parent's anchor!

Between his pretty, slowly-ageing wife and him a chasm seemed to yawn. A chasm that widened and deepened with the years despite his every effort. He had married a woman not of his Faith.

In early years he reasoned that he could not expect a Presbyterian woman to raise a Catholic family. Well, the Christian Brothers and the gentle nuns had done good work on his six children but God alone knew the aching hunger of his heart as on Sunday mornings he knelt watching the members of the Married Ladies' Sodality approach, in a body, the Table of the Lord.

NOT, STINGING tears would blind him no matter how hard he tried to have it otherwise. Looking at the many women who had grown up and old along with him he told himself loyally that none of them possessed the grace, the alluring feminine charm and the sweet, icy dignity of his dear wife.

It was that icy dignity he ruefully admitted that kept her outside of the Church despite his years of passionate petitions and fervent prayers. It was that icy dignity that was slowly but surely causing their breakfast table to become a chilly expanse for the passage of barest formalities.

He had been so sure, at first, of Miriam's seeing things with his eyes as far as matters of faith were concerned. As one by one the years slipped into time's discard his surety changed to a perplexed wonder, a puzzled concern; and finally to a disappointment that seared his soul like a red-hot iron.

Difficult he found it to understand how she could be so firmly entrenched in other beliefs after years of living with a family that, despite their mother being a Presbyterian, was so intensely Catholic.

Returning home from Mass and Holy Communion on the First Friday of April he drove his car into the garage, called happily to his wife busy in the dining-room, started to run up the porch steps in his accustomed manner . . . stopped with a half surprised look upon his smiling face . . . staggered . . . and fell.

The soil-touched son of the prairie had gone home!

That's all!

Unless it would interest you to know that I, his wife, to whom through the years he had confided, with his dear lips against my ear, all the things I have here set down . . . that I . . . that I, when the icy touch of loneliness and desolation descended upon me . . . that I turned to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

I knew Him so well, from living with my saintly husband.

I made my First Holy Communion the First Friday in June.

Categorica: *As Set Forth in News and Opinions*

Edited by N. M. LAW

AS OTHERS HEAR US

There is nothing more painful than a British attempt to reproduce American slang. The sophisticated *Saturday Review* of London, reports *The Living Age*, has offered a prize for the best version of Mark Anthony's funeral oration as it would be delivered by an American mayor. To judge from the two winning efforts Mr. Thompson of Chicago would do well to turn his energies towards improving the Englishman's knowledge of this country. The winning effort, commended as "the wittiest and the most essentially vulgar entry," contain the following felicities:

Bru's white and clean. Reckon they're all hundred-per-cent cutey boys. See here, did'n ole Ju rake in the dols with them hoofers he trekked hum right here; did'n he pass the sob-stuff over to the down-unders; did'n he say "No Bid" three times when I passed him up the lil ole brass hat? Call that the big boost?

The second prize was awarded to this speech obviously intended to breathe the spirit of the great open spaces:

"Pards," exclaims this cowboy Anthony, "I'm not going to shoot off my mouth against Brutus and his fans; they're all white men, I guess. I'm here to let go some remarks on poor old Julius." The remarks close with this sentence: "Well then, he's left you all seventy-five dollars apiece, and donated his real estate to the city for a park and baseball ground."

JEW IN HONAN, CHINA

A very interesting address was given before the members of the Royal Asiatic Society by Dr. D. MacGillivray, according to the *North China Daily News*. The subject of the address was "The Jews of Honan." We are glad to read that the doctor gives credit to the learned Father Matteo Ricci, S.J., for the discovery of these roaming children of Israel in the land of Cathay. In part the speaker said:

The story of the Jewish people since the destruction of Jerusalem and the Temple is indeed one long tragedy. They wandered into every land but, with remarkable tenacity, retained their separateness as a people. But no one knew until Ricci's discovery that some of *diaspora* of Israel were to be found even in China. It was recorded that seventy families found their way to Pienliang City (now Kaifeng) in Honan. But, like the Nestorians in China, the middle wall of partition between them and the Chinese wore

thin and collapsed. The swarthy and characteristic features they bore, when they first came, are now changed to the color and general facial resemblance of the yellow race. They worship their ancestors: their women bind their feet. There is not even a wailing place where they might cry Ichabod.

The speaker then gave the romantic discovery by Pere Matteo Ricci of the young Jew who presented himself for examination in Kaifengfu and who afterwards went to Peking to seek higher honors and through whom the information was gleaned of the synagogue that had stood in his native city for over 400 years. Later copies of the Mosaic rolls, etc., and plans of the synagogue were sent Rome.

The trials and tribulations of the early Jews swept away many of their sacred treasures of the synagogue. Soon the process of apostasy and denationalization set in, helped by the similarity of many of the customs of both the Chinese and the Mohammedans amongst whom they lived. So strong were Chinese influences that the form and contents of the synagogue were changed.

THE FIRST MERCY

We think it sufficiently near the Christmas season to quote these delightful verses by Bruce Blunt in *The London Mercury*. Their winsomeness must be our excuse.

Ox and ass at Bethlehem
On a night, ye know of them:
We were only creatures small
Hid by shadows on the wall.

We were swallow, moth and mouse;
The Child was born in our house,
And the bright eyes of us three
Peeped at His Nativity.

Hands of peace upon that place
Hushed our beings for a space—
Quiet feet and folded wing,
Nor a sound of anything.

With a moving star we crept
Closer when the Baby slept:
Men who guarded where He lay
Moved to frighten us away.

But the Babe, awakened, laid
Love on things that were afraid,
With so sweet a gesture He
Called us to His Company.

IN PRAISE OF THE PAPACY

The latest papal encyclical, *Mortalium Animos*, has created quite a stir among non-Catholics. Why it should cause surprise at all is the only surprise to us. The doctrine contained in it has

THE † SIGN

been broadcast times without number. We thought it known to every churchman worthy of the name. Yet, the Rev. Mr. Potter, of the Church of the Divine Paternity, launches into an attack upon the Holy Father, which, says the *Baltimore Catholic Review*, can easily be construed into the highest praise.

Mr. Potter heaps praise upon the Papacy, though he seems to know it not.

For years we have heard from anti-Catholics that the Pope has been trying to elect a Catholic President in the United States and gain possession of the White House. Lo and behold, at the very time a Catholic is mentioned as the most probable choice of his party for the Presidential nomination, the Pope says something which, Mr. Potter declares, will mean the annihilation of the chances of that potential candidate.

The Pope, by his encyclical, says the New York minister, alienates a strong and friendly party in England, surrenders all chance of recovering temporal power and builds up an anti-Catholic opposition.

Doctor Potter calls the Pope's statement inopportune. In other words, the Pope is a poor politician. He would rather enunciate the truth "though the heavens fall" than keep silent and win favor by being dishonest to God, to the Church and Truth.

The Pope gives no thought to the Presidency of the United States; no thought to power in Italy; no thought to the peace of the Church. He gives thought only to Truth.

No writer of recent times has excelled the tribute which Mr. Potter has paid in his attack on the Holy Father.

A KING'S HIGH HAT

The King of Afghanistan is on a visit to Egypt and is in disfavor with the Mohammedan fundamentalists of that country. A cry which once rang through Broadway, a cry indicative of scorn and discontent, greets his Majesty wherever he goes. The language may be different but the meaning is the same. It is, "Where did you get that hat?" *The Sun* (New York) tells the reason:

When the King was journeying to Egypt he observed among his followers a gentleman crowned with an exceedingly high, exceedingly white and exceedingly shiny hat. Try as he would, he could not keep the royal eyes away from that monumental headgear. Upon inquiry he learned it was a European topper and considered swagger, too. Unable longer to restrain his impatience, the monarch conveyed to his henchman a polite but firm hint that the royal brow would like the loan of the skypiece. When Kings hint henchmen have but one thing to do. So the Afghan potentate somewhat later rode proudly through the streets of Cairo, the hat rearing its lofty and shiny summit toward the Egyptian sun, dazzling the eyes of beholders.

Not all eyes were dazzled, however. Those of strict believers, especially the theological teachers, turned dark and stormy. What, they wondered, did this son of Islam mean by forsaking the sacred fez

for this abomination of the thrice accursed glamor? In angry protest they decided to have nothing to do with one so faithless to the institutions of the fathers and to absent themselves from all functions given in his honor.

The King, however, may take comfort from learning he is not the first sinful man to whom the temptation to wear a high hat has proved irresistible. Even here in America, where high hats—if not white ones—are not infrequently seen, many an ardent soul who has shied snowballs at them in boyhood has found the power of resistance weaken and vanish as time and affluence have come. The King is to be congratulated upon having the courage of his convictions; more than one Westerner who has yearned to wear one but never quite reached the proper pitch of enthusiasm will waft him brotherly greetings across the seas.

THE SCHOOL-NUN SPEAKS

From the January number of *Columbia* we reprint these graceful verses by Marcella Carmichael:

Why should I hunger after lovely things,
O, you, who tell me that my world is small?
I dwell with beauty in a narrow room,
And walk with laughter down a dimlit hall.

Why should my eyes ache for a masterpiece?
My Mona Lisa smiles her wistful way;
And I am captive to a baby stare,
(A Raphael-cherub started school today.)

In Orders he may find the Holy Grail
My Galahad, who questions seriously;
Why should I yearn to ply a greater art
Who carve white souls to grace eternity?

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AVIATOR

We were surprised to learn that a citizen of Lima, Peru, in 1726, anticipated in theory if not in practice the achievements of the Wright brothers. The *West Coast Leader* (Lima, Peru), tells of a true descendant of Icarus, Santiago de Cardenas by name, who in the year 1761, planned the first transatlantic hop. *El Volador*, as he was contemptuously called, laid his plans before the Viceroy of the city, who in turn passed them on to the learned doctor, Cosme Bueno, the leading mathematician of Lima, for approval. The learned man frowned upon anything so preposterous. "It is possible," he said, "to imitate the wings of the bird, but what about the tail?" The conclusion of his report merits to be quoted in full:

If man had the means of daring the air, no door would be closed to concupiscence or vengeance. Homes would become the scenes of assassinations and robberies. How should we escape our enemies when day and night they would have it in their power to surprise us? To surprise would be added cruelty, and to artifice fury. What security would there be in the land, even the most sacred?

THE † SIGN

It seems to me that if anyone should ever achieve this impossible thing, he should be cast out of the world before propagating an art so fatal and so pernicious.

"SPOILED BRATS"

Birth control, reports the *Baltimore Sun*, which often has been attacked on the ground of morality, religion or health, was assailed by Dr. Alice Hutchison in London the other day for an entirely new reason—that it is responsible for the production of "spoiled brats," or as she also termed it "that terrible monstrosity, the only child." "We may come to speak not of drink but of 'only childism' as the greatest curse of the country," said the lady doctor. She continued:

Most mothers fulfill their duties very well during the period of infancy, but when the child begins to assert itself and oppose its will to that of the mother then difficulties begin. A sense of irritation and of impatience arises in a mother who fails to realize that without this assertion of its will the child cannot develop.

We see the young man who won't marry because he wouldn't leave his mother. People say: "How beautiful." The truth is that he won't leave his mother because he is a baby and won't break the tie. He can't do without her. We want fully grown men who will leave home and take a wife, not as a second mother but as a mate.

What seems to outside people to be excellent parenthood means failure to the child. If you make a child a baby you make him selfish and a fully grown man he will never be.

LIFE MANAGEMENT

"While facts from the past crowd into the medical forecast," writes Dr. Crampton in the February *Scribners*, "the signs of the present are even more significant in regard to the prolongation of life." Contrasting the chances for longevity for different classes, the learned doctor avers:

The middle economic class outlives the proletariat and the aristocrat; the workers, leading lives of more normal load, outlast the drones who bear no loads save of their own making. Some trades are hazardous—stone-grinders, aviators, criminals, actors, and writers have their own special dangers. Physicians are short-lived, due to exposure to disease and worry, and irregularity in sleep and food. Occupations make tendencies toward some variety or group of illnesses which are large factors in the longevity quotient.

Habits make or break a man. Rest, work play, food, drink, worry, and the customary reaction to the impacts of life are potent for good and evil. They often determine what kind of illness will attack and the manner of its defeat or victory. In some degree they always influence the result, for man's conduct is guided rather by appetite than by forward vision. Yet the wise will more commonly survive, breed, and bear their kind, and the world moves on.

It is hard to say which kind of case makes the surgeon worry more—the semi-alcoholic good fellow or the overfed prediabetic. Here is another group of facts of varying proof and worth that add to the rapidly growing mass of data in the human audit. Science is attacking the problem of human-life management and distinguishing facts from proverb and preachment.

"DICE AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS"

Observations on the latest method of building the boy character. H. I. Philips in *THE SUN DIAL* is the author:

In Trenton, N. J., a twelve-year-old schoolboy "created a sensation" the other day by demanding of his teacher, at the point of a gun, the return of a pair of dice. The teacher had him arrested.

What's the world coming to? Can't a little boy bring his dice to school with him any more? In these days has it come to pass that teachers are harsh with children merely because they come to school heavily armed?

In the Jersey case the boy rolled the "bones" on his desk. Teacher indignantly took them away from him. What aroused the boy was that she took them before he had made his "point."

There is nothing in our public school rules covering dice, nor has the average American home any specific regulations on the subject, but there is a general feeling among advanced educators that taking a growing child's dice away from him tends to destroy initiative, break his spirit and all that sort of thing.

"I never take dice away from my pupils," said a well-known teacher today. "Of course I don't like to have the children shooting craps during lessons, and they know I prefer to have them leave their dice with me when they come in. I let them have them during recess and after school. I've never had the slightest trouble except in one or two cases where boys insisted that I had given them back honest dice when the ones they had checked with me were 'loaded.'"

"And, if I discover a boy at dice, I never take them away from him while they are still rolling. I did it once with a shy little boy from one of our best homes and it broke his spirit completely. 'Let a child develop in his own way,' I always say. I have no sympathy with that old adage 'Spare the dice and spoil the child.'"

"Of course the pistol problem in our schools is more difficult. I personally believe that the kiddies should do their shooting outside of school hours. That being so, I give my little pupils to understand that they will please teacher if they leave their revolvers at home. I don't like to see the pupils whipping them out in classes even when they're not loaded—when the revolvers are not loaded I mean."

"I have one boy—he's fourteen and a great movie fan—who is very strong willed and insists upon bringing a .38 Colt and a set of dice to school, but he always hands them to me before he goes to his seat. After school he knows I will return them. It's a matter of honor between us. I trust him and he trusts his teacher. He will never forget that in after life. I am, you see, building his character."

Archconfraternity Comment

(Intention of the Archconfraternity of the Passion for February, 1928)

IN HIS LATEST encyclical letter Our Holy Father, after re-affirming the position of the Church in regards to a world-wide Christian Unity, pleads for the return of all to the fold of the one true Church. That they may heed his words is the intention of the Archconfraternity for February.

THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY

In 1720 St. Paul of the Cross founded the Order of the Passion. He had two objects in mind. First: The sanctification of the individual members of his Order. Secondly: The conversion of souls through the preaching of the Passion of Christ. The members of the Order take four vows; the three ordinary vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, taken by all Religious, and a fourth vow to promote in the hearts of the faithful a love for and devotion to the Passion of Our Lord.

As another means of converting souls and the spreading of devotion to the Passion, St. Paul established the Confraternity of the Sacred Passion. This society is for lay folk who take no vows but by prayer and the good example of their daily lives strive to preach the Passion and thus draw others to the love and service of God.

This society was formally approved by His Holiness Pope Pius IX on September 22, 1861, and the Father General of the Passionists was authorized to establish branches of this Confraternity throughout the world. On February 25, 1918, Pope Benedict XV raised the Confraternity to the dignity of an Archconfraternity, and granted to it all the rights and privileges enjoyed by other Archconfraternities.

Pope Benedict XIV once said that the congregation of the Passion, on account of its purpose, should have been the first religious congregation to be established, instead of the last. And just as truly may it be said that the Archconfraternity of the Passion should have been the first Archconfraternity in the Church. Yet there was no need of such a society in the early Church. All the first Christians were true Passionists in heart and mind. Their faith and devotion centered on Christ Crucified. The truth of this may be summed up in that great cry of the first St. Paul, "I know nothing save Christ and Him Crucified."

We are far removed both in time and spirit

from those first fervent Christians. Millions of souls about us are drifting farther and farther away from Christ Crucified. Many have never even heard of Him. It maybe difficult to believe but there are many in the various parts of our own country—our missionaries attest this—who have never seen a crucifix. Sixty million people in this country go to no church whatsoever. Many millions of those who do go find in their church no visible representation of the Crucified.

To those who think anything of the Passion of Christ this condition is, indeed, deplorably tragic. The blood of our Blessed Lord was shed for all, and all surely should share in its saving flood. It was the thirst of Christ upon the Cross for souls that practically forced St. Paul of the Cross to establish his Order and the Archconfraternity and it is this same undying thirst for souls that prompts the Passionist missionary to spend himself in the work of the missions here at home and to sacrifice all to work for souls in distant China. It is this same cry, we hope, that will make the members of the Archconfraternity hunters of souls.

We number over 10,000 in the Archconfraternity. Each Passionist monastery is a headquarters. Branches are established in all large cities throughout the world. Many pastors have instituted branches in their parishes.

THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY has been generously enriched with many indulgences for the living and the dead. The only essential condition for membership is to have one's name registered. There are three degrees of membership. First Degree members make daily Five Offerings of the Precious Blood in honor of the Five Wounds of Our Lord. Second Degree members make the Stations of the Cross once a week besides saying the prayers of the First Degree. Third Degree members make five or ten minutes daily meditation on the Passion of Christ besides saying the prayers of the First and Second Degrees. The spiritual activity of the members consists in a crusade of prayers and good works for the conversion of souls. Membership in the Archconfraternity will increase your personal devotion to Christ Crucified. Send your name for enrollment to THE SIGN, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY.

JUDAS

By GAMALIEL BRADFORD

THEY called Him King; and I
would have no King:

Let all be equal, I, let none be best.

Why should the weakling John be
ever pressed

Against His bosom, Peter urged to
fling

His clumsy zeal about, while I must
bring,

Forsooth, the bag behind, and
feed the rest,

Never be praised or flattered or
caressed,

Although so watchful in my stew-
arding?



They called Him Son of God. In
rage I saw

This vain idolatry. Was I not
wise,

Not honest, not in truth admin-
istering

The holy precepts of our sacred
law?—

Oh, God! Those pleading,
tender, earnest eyes!

Oh, God! Oh, God! why did I
do this thing?



Reproduced with permission from
The Dearborn Independent.

Out of Two Hearts

The Double Revelation of a Mother and Her Son

THEY HAD been all in all to each other ever since Allen had been a little boy of three, when his father had been killed in an automobile accident. Broken hearted over the death of her young husband, Mabel Ormsby had found it very hard to be resigned to the will of God, but had at last succeeded in conquering her grief in order to devote herself to the care and happiness of their only child. On him she had henceforth lavished all her love and solicitude. She had not spoiled him, however, for she felt deeply the responsibility God had put upon her by intrusting her with the training of an immortal soul. She had been his friend and companion in everything, helping him with his studies and taking an interest in all his pursuits and pleasures. Never did a mother have a more loving son or one of whom she had more cause to be proud.

While he was a little fellow she had herself been his teacher and, later on, she had arranged to live where he could attend school and college and yet be near her, so they had never been parted nor, until lately, had a thought or interest that was not in common. And now! . . . What would he think of the step she was about to take? Would he be angry . . . or deeply hurt? Would he reproach her for having kept back from him this secret that she could not make up her mind to tell him and would not allow anyone else to tell him? Her Allen, her boy! Surely it need not really part them . . . he was so broad-minded and unselfish that he would rejoice at the thought of her happiness. But would he really do so?

Nearly five weeks ago she had been surprised and pleased by an unexpected visit from Dr. Freeman, an old friend of her childhood and youth. As tots they had been playfellows, then schoolmates and chums, and later on the boy's friendship for her had grown into a deep love. She had liked him well enough too, in fact as a very young girl she thought she loved him, but a few years previously her whole family and herself had become Catholics and when he proposed to her she had flatly refused him, saying that nothing would ever persuade her to marry anyone who was not of her Faith. In vain he had argued and pleaded. She had remained firm, though it

By HENRIETTE EUGENIE DELAMARE

had really cost her a great deal to grieve him, and at last he had gone away in anger and she had never seen him since, for a short time after this she had met, loved and married Henry Ormsby who had taken her to live in the West. She had been intensely happy with him until death had torn him from her and had faithfully cherished his memory, refusing many suitors. But somehow Dr. Freeman seemed different to all of these and her heart beat fast as she rose to greet him.

"Why Mabel!" he exclaimed, clasping her hand with the old familiar grip, "you are not a bit altered and don't look a day older! I'm afraid you can't say the same of me, but then I've knocked about the world considerably since I last saw you, and the Great War and an equally great struggle within myself both contributed to turn my hair gray."

"I heard what noble work you did during the war," she answered, drawing her hand away and blushing under his admiring gaze, "and I was proud of my old schoolmate and . . ."

"And lover," he interrupted. "Were you really? Well, I can truly say that you were constantly in my thoughts, even during that awful experience. Did you think to pray for me?"

"Indeed I did."

"I thought so, and I have always felt that it was your prayers which finally won for me the inestimable privilege of finding the Faith at last."

"The Faith! . . . Are you a Catholic?" she enquired eagerly.

"Yes, thank God. While I was lying wounded in a hospital near Soissons I was nursed by some devoted Sisters, and through them I learned all about our beautiful religion against which, you know, I used to be so prejudiced. For months and even years I fought against grace, but at last it was too much for me and I yielded unconditionally. I was baptized and made my First Holy Communion on the feast of Corpus Christi. I just longed to let you know of all this but wanted to come and tell it to you in person."

"I AM so glad! I congratulate you with all my heart!" exclaimed Mabel, fairly quivering with emotion. "How wonderful are God's ways, and how good He is in leading us so gently and patiently to Himself in spite of us as

THE † SIGN

it were, and out of His sheer mercy!"

Then they began to talk of old times and old friends, and when he finally rose to go, Mabel felt sad at saying good-bye, for she thought this was a mere passing visit. Somehow, she did not know why, she felt shy about telling Allen of this call from her old sweetheart, and it was with some difficulty that she managed to say in a tone she tried to make indifferent.

"I WAS QUITE surprised today by a call from an old schoolmate of mine, a Dr. Freeman. He was wounded during the war, and was so touched by the saintliness and devotion of the Sisters who nursed him that he has since become a Catholic."

"Indeed! But I don't wonder at it for the Sisters teach even more by example than precept."

"Yes," answered his mother evasively, and then hastily turned the conversation off to another topic.

This had not been a passing visit from Dr. Freeman—however, for he returned day after day, always as it happened while Allen was away at college, and it was not long before he told Mrs. Ormsby of the purpose of his journey West, which was to make a second attempt to win her as his bride. Had he not waited twenty years for her and thus proved the earnestness of his love? For a time he pleaded in vain, as Mabel objected that she had never meant to marry again, that she could not do so on account of her son. Still, day by day, her decision weakened and the doctor felt sure he would win her in the end.

In the meanwhile she had occasionally mentioned to Allen that her old friend had called again and once she had even invited the doctor to a small dinner party where both men had been very favorably impressed with each other, but she had never made the slightest allusion to the real object of Dr. Freeman's visits. Oddly enough, Allen had never for a minute thought of the possibility of his mother's marrying again, though she still looked and seemed so young that she was often taken for his sister, and indeed she was only thirty-seven, having married Henry Ormsby when only seventeen.

Dr. Freeman had enlisted the sympathy and help of the saintly old pastor and together they persuaded Mabel that there was absolutely no reason for her not re-marrying. The doctor did not ask her to part with Allen, he could accompany them to the East where he would have still greater educational advantages, and in a few

years he would doubtless make a position for himself and marry also—she could not expect to keep him always. At last she had yielded, but still had not the courage to tell the boy of her decision. For more than a week she put off the dreaded ordeal, torturing herself all the time with anxiety as to how he would take the news. He had seemed so thoughtful and quiet of late, almost sad, yet more attentive and loving than ever towards her. Not a day passed without his bringing her home some little gift, a box of candy, a bunch of her favorite flowers or some interesting book to be read together. When kissing her, he had seemed to cling to her with unwonted tenderness, his voice had almost trembled and at times she caught him gazing at her with a look almost of anguish in his dark eyes. Then he had been to church more than ever. Did he already know her secret or did he guess at it? Oh! if he felt it so deeply she would give it up . . . and . . . then she would be breaking another faithful heart!

At last, Father Morris came and said almost sternly: "This can't go on any longer, my good child, you will fret yourself into an illness and it is not fair either to Allen or to the doctor who has really been wonderfully patient. So, if you don't tell the boy tonight I will do so myself in the morning. Remember, I mean it."

"Oh don't, Father!" cried Mrs. Ormsby, clasping her hands together nervously, "I will tell him myself, but it is so hard—we have been all in all to each other so long!"

"It will be no easier a week hence," answered the priest. "Ask the Sacred Heart to give you strength to go ahead, and be sure all will come right. I am sure I can answer for Allen, and in any case you must tell him today."

When she heard Allen's step that evening she felt as if she were going to execution.

"Why, mother darling, have you been crying? What is it?" he enquired anxiously.

"Oh! Allen," she gasped looking entreatingly into his face, "I have a dreadful secret to tell you . . . I ought to have told it to you more than a week ago. Can you forgive me?"

"A SECRET from me, Mother! Have you a secret too?" he exclaimed. "What can it be?"

"I . . . it's . . . it's Dr. Freeman, Allen. You know . . . long before I ever knew your dear father . . . and he has been waiting for me all these years and now he has been asking me to marry him . . . and he pleaded so hard that

THE † SIGN

... I said yes at last," and hiding her face on her boy's shoulder Mabel burst into tears.

"You mean that you are going to marry Dr. Freeman?" panted Allen in astonishment.

"Yes." Mrs. Ormsby looked into his face again, "Oh darling, *don't* grieve, *don't* be angry with me. It need not part us in any way . . . nothing can ever part us."

Allen winced as if she had struck him.

"I AM NOT grieved or angry, mother," he answered in a strange voice, "only very, very thankful, more thankful than words can say. God's ways are wonderful and if we only trusted more completely in Him we might know He would smooth away all our difficulties . . . for I too have been dreading for weeks to tell you a secret of mine. I felt as if I was going to break your heart and as if I couldn't have the courage to do it, as if it would kill me to leave you alone, my dearest, but now that you are going to be married to a man like Dr. Freeman, thank God, it makes all fairly easy."

"Leave me! What do you mean, Allen?"

"I mean, dear, that for a considerable time now, I have felt that I had a call to give my life to God's service in the mission field. I wish to become a missionary priest and go to China, mother."

"A missionary! Oh Allen! you do not mean it! I could not lose you forever!" she cried as she pressed him to her breast.

Little by little he managed to soothe her and to make her understand that God asked this great sacrifice of her but had sent her other love, other interests, and another protector to help her bear the separation.

"And you know, mother," he added brightly, "we will not have to part entirely for many years yet, for I shall have to go through the long seminary training before they will send me off; and so now," he added with a laugh, "we must put away all sad thoughts and prepare for this wedding which, I suppose, is coming off soon."

Several years had passed and the friends and relatives of a little band of missionaries were standing beside the ship which was to carry them off to China and taking a final leave of them. Among them were Dr. and Mrs. Freeman with a little boy standing between them. Allen, now Father Allen Ormsby, had gone to take leave of a group of friends but had tactfully kept at a little distance, knowing that his mother would prefer to be alone with him for the final parting. While he was away Dr. Freeman tenderly

pressed his wife's hand and, seeing her about to break down, said earnestly:

"Be brave to the last, dearest, and don't make it harder for the poor boy. Remember our Blessed Mother *stood* at the foot of the Cross. She did not falter. Pray to her for help."

Just then Father Allen came back and gripping the doctor's hand said in a moved voice:

"I am leaving in your care what is dearest to me in the world, but I know I need not ask you to care for her and make her happy—you have already done so. God bless you for your goodness to her and to me. God bless this little man also," he added, picking up the child and pressing him in his arms adding, "Be a good boy, little Buddy, and a joy to dear mother." His voice broke and it was with swimming eyes and quivering lips that he turned to his mother.

"Good-bye, dearest and best of sons," she said in a trembling voice. "You have never been anything but a source of happiness and pride to me. May God reward you for it and for the sacrifice you are making. Good-bye! God bless you and take care of you, my own dear boy!"

"Good-bye, dearest, darlingest mother," he answered brokenly. Claspings her in his arms in a passionate embrace, he tore himself away and rushed on to the ship as if not daring to look back.

A FEW minutes later they saw him waving at them from the deck and his mother gazed yearningly at his handsome face, so white and stern with the anguish of parting, till the ship had sailed away and she could see him no more. Then with a bitter cry of grief she threw herself into her husband's arms sobbing:

"I will never see him again, never again! Oh Allen, my own darling son! I cannot bear to lose him!"

"Remember, dear, you have not lost him," answered her husband gently. "As he told you just now, you will always be his greatest, his only deep human love and no one else will share his heart with you as would have happened had he married and had children. And remember, too, that instead of grieving, you should thank God for the wonderful privilege and honor He has conferred on you, the greatest even He could give to any mother, that of having so trained a son as to make him worthy not only of being a priest, but of sacrificing everything he loved in the world to go out as a missionary and give his life itself if need be for the glory of God and the salvation of souls."

Is Discipline Un-American?

Is Our National Motto: Grab, Grab, Grab?

ONE OF THE high-lights of the crime history of the present day is the appalling number of student suicides. And although one distinguished defender of modern youth asserted there was nothing unusual in this epidemic of suicidal tendencies among the students of high schools and colleges the vast majority of the thinking population are disturbed and are trying to solve the riddle of youth's desire to cut the thread of life at a time when the joy of and zest for living should be greatest. And there are many who would blame the great institutions of learning for the attitude of their students towards life. But to others, the fault lies deeper.

The taking of human life has become so great a commonplace in any day's grist of news that unless the details are particularly gruesome it evokes but little comment. A man, refused a sum of money, calmly does to death the one who refused. Masked men craving the riches for which they will not work coolly shoot to death bank messenger or mail carrier and make off with their gains. A child not ten years of age denied liberty to play with matches takes his father's revolver and kills the mother who stood between him and his desire. A woman desiring either the wealth or the novelty of another kills the legitimate spouse who proves an obstacle to the satisfying of her desires. These incidents are taken at random from the news that comes daily to our doors and underneath each crime is the same motive, the motive which throws the undisciplined child kicking and screaming upon the floor when denied some boon.

Webster gives as one of his definitions for discipline, "trying to act in accordance with established rules." Thus crime is essentially want of discipline and the first lessons in discipline should be learned in earliest childhood. But in this country, which spills more printer's ink over the subject of the proper education, feeding, and general training of the child than all the other countries of the civilized world, discipline has become one of the lost arts. Time was when the old adage, "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was the rule and guide in every household. And as an argument against the severity of those early days sentimentalists point to the number of "black sheep" yet are singularly silent

By A. J. REILLY

on the crime statistics of today.

We are told this is the age of the child and it undoubtedly is. If there is a child in the American home it is the child who rules the home, all other interests being subordinated to his. He is at all times the center of attention. Should he be denied the slightest wish, the household is treated to an exhibition of tantrums or hysterics with which no one is able to cope. Indeed, there seems no desire on the part of his elders to check him in his orgy of temper. Rather is his tantrum indulged and explained as the only way the poor child has of expressing his personality. By the time he has reached school age his individuality and that of his thirty-nine companions has been so well established by five to seven years of lack of discipline that even the well trained teacher is often unable to bring her charges to act in accordance with established rules, should she so desire. But too often it happens the teacher's method is to follow the line of least resistance. Nor is the teacher to be blamed for this attitude. In this humane generation with its desire for more and better child study the teachers in the majority of schools have been stripped of all power of enforcing rules. Force, compulsion, correction are no longer to be permitted in a well conducted school. Greater and greater stress is being put upon the principle that the subjects should be presented in so interesting a manner that the children will not only desire to study them but lose all desire for play during the periods appointed for instruction. This is undoubtedly a good mark at which to shoot but human nature being what it is on both sides of the teacher's desk it is impossible of attainment at all times. Nor is it entirely to be regretted that this is so for life in school is supposed to prepare the child for his future place in the life of the world and there are tasks innumerable to be done in the world because they are necessary rather than because they are interesting or give a certain amount of pleasure to the doer. Without that discipline which holds one to the performance of the most disagreeable duty how can these future citizens face the world?

WHAT QUESTION has received an answer in the increasing number of student suicides each year. Perhaps a youth's first contact with unpleasant realities which refuse to yield either to

his pleadings or his tantrums comes when he finds he has not been selected for membership in some exclusive fraternity or as a member of the track team. How does he face his first rebuff? In the only way left for the undisciplined mind and spirit. He melodramatically "ends it all" or otherwise refuses to act in accordance with established rules. Or perhaps he discovers his weekly earnings are not sufficient to purchase the speedy roadster or (it may be a young girl) the stylish fur coat that fashion dictates. Money accumulates too slowly in the weekly pay envelope but wants increase; therefore the undisciplined youth takes money wherever he finds it. If it means taking life, also, he does not hesitate. And we have stories of youthful bandits of both sexes, youthful criminals who have never been taught how to live in accordance with established rules.

NOR IS youth alone to be saddled with the crimes growing out of uncontrolled desires and undisciplined passions. Not long since the newspapers of the country were filled with the grewsome details of one of the most revolting crimes of the age. The perpetrators of the crime were well past the age of flaming youth. It is not a far cry from the undisciplined child who throws himself kicking and screaming upon the floor when denied a coveted boon to the adult who foully murders the one who stands between him and the fulfillment of his desires. The difference lies only in the gravity of the acts, the motive in each case being the same.

In this age of sentimentalism and emotionalism the deterrent of swift and sure punishment for crime is lacking because of the hosts of sentimentalists who have forgotten or entirely overlooked those stern words, "If thine eye offend thee pluck it out." These sentimentalists are aided in their work of making heroes out of criminals by unscrupulous lawyers who make capital for themselves out of their sensational defense of notorious criminals, being quoted thereafter as authority on all phases of crime, its origin, its treatment, and its cure. And all this not because of any deep research or broad study of their subject but because they were able to work upon the emotions of the members of the jury whose undisciplined minds are incapable of separating fact from fancy or are too easily swayed by the emotional scenes the lawyer for the defense prepares with as much care as the producer of a Broadway attraction. All participants in the trial of a major criminal from jury to

spectators seem to forget that the first duty of the State to its citizens is the protection of life and, second, the protection of property. The tear ducts are tapped and a general cry goes up from a drama-loving public that the man or woman who has given so great an entertainment should not suffer the penalty the crime demands. Hence crime flourishes and the life and liberty of the criminal becomes far less hazardous than that of the ordinary laborer and considerably more remunerative with vaudeville producers and cinema directors ready to thrust contracts upon the most notable.

Nor is this fatal lack of discipline confined to the criminal classes. It is found in every walk of life from the obscure motorist who refuses to obey traffic signals designed for his own protection to the man in high office who misuses his office to gain for himself unlimited wealth or power. The effect of this absence of discipline is everywhere in our national life, in our unrestrained rush after pleasure, success, wealth. It has whirled us to the pinnacle of power in great financial enterprises, in industrial achievements, in material gains of every kind. But it has brought greater chaos than the average citizen would wish to acknowledge. In the words of a distinguished Senator "we have political corruption such as was never dreamed of before; we have a crop of millionaires such as the world has never before witnessed; we have a crime wave that staggers the imagination of the world; . . . We have a national avariciousness and sense of grab, grab, grab that cannot be eradicated from national consciousness for years to come." We have a flood of indecent and salacious books, plays, papers, and magazines more menacing by far than the raging waters of the Mississippi turned upon the public by the undisciplined minds that are governed by but one instinct—Gain.

Across the Street

By JOSEPH L. DOOLEY

With halves of legs, hitched leather ends for feet
And two half canes, by burly arms to use
Betime, he crossed Broadway at Fulton Street.
Free motors swerved another path to choose
And walkers stopped and held him in their view
Until he had worked on from out their sight.
So are we watched in all our efforts, too,
'Til journey o'er, we pass into the Light.

The Morning Sacrifice

The Appeal of Jesus Crucified

By FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

"Be ready in the morning that thou mayest forthwith go up into Mount Sinai and thou shalt stand with Me on the top of the mount." (Ex. 34:2.)

MOSSES WAS the chosen friend of God. He was called by Him to be the leader of His people from Egyptian bondage—a work so mighty that its remembrance formed the central observance of the Jewish religion and ever after fed the piety of the people. God so delighted in His servant that He punished immediately and severely those who spoke or acted against his authority. When His wrath was aroused against the people for their flagrantly repeated acts of disobedience, culminating in idolatry, He spared them at the earnest and daring prayer of His friend: "Either forgive them this trespass or, if Thou do not, strike me out of the book that Thou has written." (Ex. 32:31.)

In consequence of this prayer, God promised to send His angel before them, who, in His name, would overcome all their enemies and lead them into "the land that floweth with milk and honey." "I will not go up with thee, because thou art a stiff-necked people; lest I destroy thee in the way." Then Moses enters the tabernacle and there begins that sublime conversation when "the Lord spoke to Moses face to face, as a man is wont to speak to his friend."

"If I have found favor in Thy sight, show me Thy Face that I may know Thee and may find grace before Thy eyes: look upon Thy people, this nation.' And the Lord said: 'My Face shall go before thee and give thee rest.' And Moses said: 'If Thou Thyself dost not go before, bring us not out of this place. For how shall we be able to know, I and Thy people, that we have found grace in Thy sight, unless Thou walk with us.' And the Lord said to Moses: 'This word also which thou has spoken will I do: for thou has found grace before Me and thee have I known by name.'"

Such a victory over the Heart of God emboldened Moses to seek a glimpse of His glory. Here, too, he was successful. Since no man can

see Him and live, God reached forth His Omnipotent Arm and supported His servant to catch a passing sight of His glory and beauty. It was then that Moses heard the invitation that sounded so sweet to his ears: "Be ready in the morning that thou mayest forthwith go up into Mount Sinai and thou shalt stand with Me on the top of the mount." There he abode forty days and forty nights in sweet converse with God and when he came down his face shone so brightly with the reflected glory of God that ever after, in speaking to the people, he covered his face with a veil.

When we recall what the Mass is, we too would be ready in the morning to assist at it. It is the Memorial of our Redemption—our deliverance from a bondage worse than that of Egypt. Memories of that mighty work of Infinite Love crowd our minds as we kneel before the altar—the Agony, the Scourging, the Crowning, the Mockery. Present on the Altar is that Compassionate Redeemer, Who "became a curse for us." There the same Jesus intercedes for us, presenting the merits of His Passion to His Father that He may spare us for our frequent acts of ingratitude, our numerous sins. There, too, is the loyal Friend Who laid down His life for us. There is Jesus, God and Man, Who is everything to us and has done everything for us. Surely we should, when occasion offers, be ready in the morning to go to Calvary and there, before all the distractions and worries and business of the day stand with Jesus in sentiments of adoring praise. We should then be ready to meet the duties and temptations of the day with the radiant face of courage and fidelity, because the Face of Jesus Crucified would go before us to give us a safe journey and victory at the last.

* * * * *

"And all the people came early in the morning to Him in the temple to hear Him." (LUKE 21:38.)

THE EAGERNESS of the people in coming so early to hear Him is easily explained. Jesus had spent the previous day teaching in the

THE † SIGN

temple. He had given them a vivid and startling account of the destruction of Jerusalem and the end of the world. The chief priests and the scribes and the ancients were there and four times Jesus so confounded them in argument that they would have been laughed out of the temple had they not concealed their confusion with hypocritical words of praise. He had stung them into fury by His parable of the wicked husbandmen who killed the beloved son of their lord, "for they knew that He spoke this parable to them." In the hearing of the people He had denounced the hypocrisy of the scribes. "These," He said, "shall receive greater damnation." Then, with characteristic tenderness, He had turned and praised the love and devotion of the poor widow whom He saw casting into the treasury "all the living that she had."

Altogether it was a wonderful day for those who heard Him.

Jesus passed that night in prayer "in the mount that is called Olivet." Then comes the early morning rush of eager and expectant people to hear Him again. But here the Evangelist stops abruptly and gives not one word of the discourse.

It is like a sudden reminder for us to look at our churches early in the morning. Except for Sunday, how few are hastening there to hear Him! Jesus is there: He speaks but how few are there to listen! He is not denouncing vice nor scourging the hypocrisy of the world; He is not describing the awful dissolution of the world, nor dispensing consoling words to the poor, nor delighting scholars with clever and cogent arguments. And yet, morning after morning, Jesus speaks perhaps the most sublime words that ever proceeded from His Divine Lips. "Take and eat ye all of this: for this is My Body. . . . Take and drink ye all of this: for this is the Chalice of My Blood of the new and everlasting Testament: the Mystery of Faith: which shall be shed for you and for many unto the remission of sins. As often as ye do these things, ye shall do them in memory of Me."

NO SOONER are the words spoken than the very same sacrifice that was offered on the Cross is renewed on the altar in an unbloody manner. Who would want to hear more? Of what value are vivid descriptions of a collapsing world, lively exhibitions of dialectic skill, tender words of kindly praise compared to this? He who wrought our salvation through blood and tears, with pain and humiliation is there personally present to stir our memories to grateful remembrance, to impart

to us the fruits of His Death. Truly, there would be more hurrying steps directed toward our churches early in the morning, if, as often as these things are done, there was a lively remembrance of His Passion.

* * * * *

"And when morning was come, all the chief priests and ancients of the people held a council against Jesus to put Him to death." (MATT. 27:1.)

IT WAS THE saddest morning in the life of Jesus. There was no cheery greeting from His Mother, no hearty salutation from His friends, but only the evil faces of His enemies and harsh words of rebuke. Between the rising and the setting of the sun there was for Him only the grim vision of a terrifying Cross.

Saddest of all was the fact that his enemies were unanimous—"all of them"—in condemning Him to death, while His professed friends were scattered in cowardly solitude or were denying Him before the indifferent or curious world.

Since then He has seen many similar mornings. His enemies have always met with one accord, determined to deny His claims, to rob Him of the fruits of His Passion, to use their talents to this end, while His chosen friends have been idle, indifferent or cowardly. They have not paused in the morning to greet Him with a profession of loyalty in His service, a word of gratitude for His sufferings, or a promise to practise the virtues of the Cross. They have neglected to assist at the Sacrifice of our Ransom, even when opportunity offered. If more Catholics did this, we would have a virile race of men and women. They would be more eager to champion His cause, to assert His claims, to fight for His rights. The whole world would know that they also "had been with Jesus of Nazareth," that they are not timid, far-off followers but close, sympathetic watchers by His Cross. Through the Mass, by grateful memories of His Sufferings, the courage of Christ will be infused into their souls, enabling them to say with Him to all timid brethren: "Fear not. I have overcome the world." The same Jesus Who by a look changed Peter from an arrant coward into a weeping penitent and then into a fearless apostle and an heroic martyr will, by virtue of His Passion, inspire with valor and fortitude those who assist at the renewal of His Sacrifice the while they declare their loyalty and love: "Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee."

Jeff Anderson's Act of Faith

When Staggered by A Gigantic Fraud

JEFF ANDERSON, Editor of *The Orville Star*, stood at one of life's crossways. The question in his mind was whether he should continue to support the agitation for the release from prison of Mark Quinn. That individual was serving a term in the county jail for peculations involving in financial ruin a number of persons who could ill afford to lose their investments. But although the legal correctness of the sentence was fairly clear a powerful clique had interested themselves in the prisoner and was stirring up the public mind through the press to secure his pardon.

The agitators in this movement had considerable financial interest in *The Orville Star* and Anderson had bowed to the will of its proprietors in lending the influence of his journal to the demand they were making. He was a comparatively new comer to the State and was not familiar with the case, but recently stories had reached him of the suffering inflicted by Quinn's operations which had made him uneasy in conscience with regard to some of the things he was permitting himself to say in *The Star*. For the editor was one of those who possess a conscience in such matters. He wanted his paper to be clean. He knew that there was a political group behind this movement, the members of which had none too savory a reputation, and he was troubled. Long ago he had sworn that in questions of right and wrong he would, whatever it might cost, maintain his independence. More than once his resolution had been put to the test and had triumphed, though it had meant a setback in his professional advancement. Was he to quail now? To refuse to pursue the policy dictated to him, he knew, would probably mean dismissal. But there were other considerations which weighed heavily with him.

He knew, for instance, what his mother, if she had been alive, would have said. He could almost hear her warning him, "Do as your father would have done." That, ever since he could remember, had been her counsel. Jeff Anderson had never known his father; that is to say, he had never known him in the flesh. But his personality, his honorable, chivalrous character had been set before the lad from his earliest years so that, with the aid of the portrait he jealously preserved,

it almost seemed at times that he could picture him as he actually was. That unseen father had become his ideal, an embodied conscience. His mother had impressed upon him that the son of such a man could do no mean thing. Nothing in his conduct, she used to say, must be unworthy of the man whose memory she cherished.

Her picture of her husband lived vividly in her son's mind and he had consistently modeled himself upon it. There was no praise he coveted more than to hear his mother say, "You remind me of your father." He knew she could pay him no higher compliment. And so it was that, at this crisis in his career when all the professional success for which he had so strenuously labored was at stake, it was this man's memory which strengthened him. As he gazed up at the familiar portrait hanging on his wall his decision was taken. He rose from the chair in which he had been reclining and stood before it almost as one might stand before the shrine of a patron saint. His wife and child had gone to bed and he had the place to himself. He felt that it was a solemn moment. Looking into the eyes of his sire he vowed,

"I will do nothing unworthy of you, my father."

The next thing he did was to sift the evidence in the Quinn case for himself. He turned up the files of the newspapers which had reported the trial and read them carefully. As he did so he became more than ever convinced that *The Star* was on the wrong track. Investigations as to the relation between the prisoner and the powerful group working for his release were no less discouraging. The strain he was under showed itself in his face. His wife noticed it.

"WHAT'S THE matter, Jeff?" she asked one morning. He explained. Mrs. Anderson was a stout, good-natured woman. Her general policy in life might have been summed up in the proverb, "Let sleeping dogs lie." She skimmed the surface and avoided its depths. There were no creases of thought on her honest, beaming face. She could not understand Jeff when he was in one of these moods and said so.

"I don't see what there is to make such a fuss about," she remarked as she poured out another

THE † SIGN

cup of coffee. Jeff at that moment was not disposed to argue. He pushed his chair back.

"I shall see Schultz," he said, "and tell him I can't go on with this Quinn stunt. It isn't good enough."

"And get dismissed," rejoined his wife. "Just as we're wanting money for Mira's education. You seem as though you wanted to make trouble for yourself—and us. But there, I suppose you'll have your own way. You don't think of us." She stooped to feed a pet dog and Jeff rose to go to the office.

THE FURTHER the editor pursued his enquiries the more suspicious he became. The prisoner's past was not in his favor. He had been mixed up in more than one affair of this kind. Less and less did Anderson enjoy the rôle of sponsoring such an individual. At this point new and startling facts came to light. In the course of his enquiries the editor of *The Star* discovered that the man whose career he was tracing had in earlier years deserted his wife, leaving her with her only child to her own fate. Then he had changed his name, adopting in turn one alias after another so that it was difficult to follow his trail. What specially interested the enquirer was that Quinn came originally from the same township as himself. It was there he had married his young wife and there that their child had been born. It was there, too, that, after on one of his crooked deals, he had stolen out of the house at night never to return.

Jeff Anderson brooded over these facts trying to recall out of the dim past some memory of the occurrence. And then suddenly a terrible light illumined the whole problem. Quinn's original name had been Anderson. He had come, as has been said, from the same part of the country as Jeff himself. Feverishly the editor turned back the files of the papers to examine the pen and ink sketch of the prisoner that had been published at the time of his trial. But the sketch was a poor one and when he compared it with the portrait on his wall, made many years before, no striking resemblance revealed itself. To that extent Jeff was relieved but he was not satisfied. He determined to visit the prisoner himself.

This he was able to do without difficulty. But it was a painful interview. The first sight of the haggard countenance which confronted him at the jail set his mind at rest. That could not be his father. The idea of there being any connection between that blear-eyed, sinister-looking face and the picture he had learned to revere as that of

the Ideal Gentleman was ludicrous. And yet, as the interview proceeded, doubts crept into his mind. Quinn's replies to the questions put to him were shifty and disclosed no more than he wanted to disclose, but there were mannerisms which had an uncomfortably intimate look. The prisoner had a way of looking up at the ceiling when he was thinking. Jeff Anderson was in the habit of doing exactly the same kind of thing.

Before he came away he was convinced, in spite of desperate effort to conceal the truth from himself, that the man he was interviewing was his own father. A final question and the stumbling answer accompanied with a furtive, guilty look proved his surmise correct.

He went home dazed, like a drunken man. He could not think. His mind was numbed. It seemed as if everything had gone dead within him. At his feet lay the fragments of the ideal which had supported him through the trying years of the past. The heavens had fallen in. The faith that had preserved his soul from cynicism was shattered. Henceforth he would be able to believe in no one, however fair might be their reputation.

As he grew calmer he thought of his mother and her efforts to conceal the cruel truth from him. How the deception must have hurt her! As year after year she painted in the portrait of the ideal husband and father how her heart must have mocked her! With what mingled feelings must she have watched the growing boy who listened to her, respond with ardent hero-worship for the man she described for him. But now the truth was out. Her well-meant deception was discredited. She, too, had deceived her son. Could anyone be believed? It looked as though the world was built on lies. His soul tottered on the brink of an abyss of unbelief.

HE THOUGHT of the corrupt political influences engaged in securing this man's liberty. The whole sordid story, as he had learned it during the last few weeks, came back to him. It afforded further damning evidence that the world was rotten to the core.

He grew bitter, reckless. What, he argued, did one lie more matter? If he joined in the newspaper campaign which was white-washing this wife deserter and financial crook it would be but doing what everybody else was doing. To stand out against a fashion that was so universal would be useless. He might as well surrender and enjoy the fruits of acquiescence.

It was in this mood that he entered his home.

THE † SIGN

In front of him stared the picture that had been the inspiration of his life. Bitterly he reached his hand towards it and placed it on the ground. That idol was smashed anyway.

How blank the place looked now this familiar thing was gone. It typified his life. In his soul was a correspondingly blank place.

HE LOOKED again at the empty space. It was not quite empty. Above the heavily-framed portrait had hung a small crucifix. But the crucifix had been obscured by the larger object. He had scarcely seemed to notice it before. But now it stood out. Its very isolation emphasized its prominence. It was impossible to avoid seeing it.

Jeff Anderson could not be described as being a deeply religious man. But his mother had been a Catholic and he had been baptized into the Church. The crucifix was a survival of days when he had gone regularly to Mass, because, he reflected bitterly, she told him that that was what his father would have approved. For a moment he looked at the forlorn Figure on the cross and meditated whether he would not remove That

also as part of the same gigantic fraud, but his hand hesitated. Faith in his fellowmen might have received a cruel shock, but was that to involve God also? Was there no foundation of truth to the universe at all? Was the Church like his mother, and had it merely perpetuated a pious deception in order to induce him to live a decent life? He gazed once more at the twisted Figure so pathetically appealing. That awful Sacrifice did not look like a fraud. There was no deception about those nails, that crown of thorns. The Cross was real. The Sufferer was infinitely sincere. Of that he felt sure. Suddenly with an impulsive gesture he flung out his arms. "My Lord and my God," he exclaimed, "Thou alone remainest. In a world of falsehood I cling to Thee, the Truth. Thou art the Rock where all else is sand. I stand amid the shattered fragments of the human idol I once worshipped and I reach up to Thee Who alone art worthy of my faith. Amid the corrupt institutions which men have made, Thy Church stands unblemished. Lord, Jesus Christ, I believe. Help Thou mine unbelief."

Nazareth to Jerusalem On The Subway

A DREARY journey indeed is the twice daily trip on the subway. Who gains therefrom pleasure, comfort or satisfaction? Once in a while during the slack hours perhaps one may chance to witness an amusing incident which furnishes a momentary diversion but usually the trip is without incident—tedious and monotonous in the extreme. Faces, figures or odd raiment bordering on the comic which would appeal to one's sense of the ridiculous under other circumstances are seen at such a close range that they fail to provoke a smile.

Observe the occupations of the passengers standing en masse suspended from squeaking hangers, or collapsed in apathy on the seats waiting only for their destination. Some endeavor to read closely-folded newspapers, experiencing much difficulty in turning the pages. Here and there some are intent upon the solution of a

By EDMUND B. MALONEY

crossword puzzle or an acrostic.

A few of the girls converse in shrieks, so as to be heard above the pandemonium of the running gear, about last night's dance. But nearly all are passively awaiting deliverance from their discomfort.

One rainy morning I ran down the rathole at Forty-ninth Street and shouldered my way into the midst of this mute, ignoble, noisome throng, wet and uncomfortable. Inserting my own spare figure into a slight void between three rotund bodies, I put my hand into my pocket to conserve space. Luckily, I got it in my own pocket—it might easily have been another's, we all stood so close together. Presently I became aware that I had my rosary between my fingers. I travel about more or less and find it convenient to carry in my pockets all the little things that add to my contentment wherever I chance to be. Why not make use of this lapse of time, thought I, and

THE † SIGN

say my rosary. So as the train gained momentum I slid my fingers over the crucifix and began my tale of prayers, meditating on the joyful mysteries.

A row of colored advertisements confront my eyes a yard distant but instead of silk hosiery and shaving soap I see a bright angel saluting a sweet faced little Maid. Above the roar of the train I hear Gabriel's voice saying "Hail full of grace, the Lord is with thee." In the colloquy that follows what delicacy and prudence characterize Mary's questions and comments! The wheels click their rapid progress over the rails—the beads slip one by one through my fingers. The first decade is finished.

The scene changes. In imagination I can see a picture of the Visitation that hangs on the wall of my old home. St. Elizabeth's gentle face beaming with love on the little Maiden at her feet as she greets her kinswoman with those memorable words, "Blessed art thou among women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." How comforting must have been the intimacy between these two during the ensuing months. What gladness of anticipation for Mary in her youth! What joy in the fulfillment of divine prophecy for Elizabeth in her old age. The space between the beads reminds me that I had completed another decade. I seek a new location in the car to escape the drain from a lady's umbrella which is leaking into my shoe.

The mental pictures concerning the Nativity follow each other almost as rapidly as the click of the car wheels on the rail splices. The futile search by Joseph for lodgings at the inn in Bethlehem. Joseph's recollection of the cave and hasty repair to that rude shelter. The bleak December wind sweeping every nook in the damp cave as Jesus is laid in the manger. Out in the fields the shepherds watching their flocks confronted by an angel who says, "Fear not for I bring you tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people." The simple tenders of the flocks search out the Infant and adore Him.

AT TWENTY-THIRD STREET my meditation is interrupted by a general exodus of passengers and I slip into a corner seat and as the train resumes speed I reflect on the incident of the Presentation of the Child Jesus at the Temple. Mary carries the babe in her arms accompanied by Joseph bearing a wicker cage of doves for the offering. The court of the temple presents an interesting picture. Many are there on similar errands and others have come only to pray. Present also is the aged and holy Simeon, who

takes the Child reverently in his faltering arms, and the Prophetess Anna who has watched and prayed for many years that she might see the Redeemer before she died. And so ends the fourth decade.

After the solemn day of the Pasch a long caravan moving slowly away from Jerusalem—the men in one company the women in another—halts for the night. Mary and Joseph seek each other, each thinking that the Boy (who is twelve years old) is with the other. Imagine their consternation when He cannot be found anywhere. So, footsore and weary, the two separate from the others and set their faces back toward Jerusalem. After searching for three days they discover Him in the temple sitting amid the doctors and listening to them and asking questions. I find myself half wishing the train would move more slowly that I might have a bit more time to recall all the details of this appealing episode, but the car lurched first right and then left as it made the reverse curve before entering the City Hall Station. The last bead fell from my fingers as the car door slid open.

I filled my pipe, buttoned my coat, and climbed joyfully up to the street ready to begin the day's work with zest.

Christ Dies on the Cross

By ENID DINNIS

"No longer in the dust My hurts lie prone;
Nor hid within the garden's secret place
The anguish of My Heaven-chastised soul,
For I have lifted that which men abase
High o'er the city on a lofty throne—
There set My shame, that so, from pole to pole,
My dereliction may to men be known!

"So have I climbed the Cross—embraced the sum
Of human sorrow, poverty and pain.
See, broken-hearted, naked, wounded sore,
I mount aloft and crown what men disdain—
There have My arms flung wide in gesture dumb,
And bade the Rood preserve for evermore
The dignity of that majestic 'Come!'

"There, where the sundering spear My side hath
riven,

Behold the secret of My heart laid bare!—
The mystery of ages, long concealed
From hardened hearts, today with thee I share,
To whom the standard of the Cross is given
Where Blood and Water flow, My law revealed
While tombs are rent—beneath a veiled Heaven!"

OUR JUNIOR READERS



The Cross

By JAMES DANIEL BRADY

When I was but a little lad
Of five, or maybe I was more,
I one day built with pretty blocks
A church upon the parlor floor.

And then well pleased with what I'd done,
I called my little sister Ann;
Thinking she'd say, "How wonderful,
You truly are a genius, Dan!"

But I remember how she stood,
Her lovely lips apart, and frowned;
"Why you've forgot the Cross!" cried she,
And levelled my church to the ground.

"A church without a cross," she snapped,
"Is just no truly church at all;
"'Tis stupid folks who build such things,
And they"—how she did frown—"must fall."

I did not understand her then,
Enraged, forgot my manners, quite;
We had a scuffle on the spot,
In truth, a most unchurchly fight.

But now that I have grown a man,
How very plain it is to me,
That sober little Ann was right,
And I was wrong as I could be.

For since Christ offered on the Cross,
His painful Sacrifice of Love;
Where'er you find His One, True Church,
There you will see the Cross, above.

It is His symbol—raised on high,
That every passer-by may see;
And, seeing, think what it means:
"God died upon a Cross—for me!"

Daddy Senn Fu's Own

Dear Juniors:

The other night when the Bobbies' bed time came, they all clamored for a story. This is most unusual for ordinarily they say their prayers and go to sleep. But I suppose it was due to the fact that so many have been leaving here that they are all nervous waiting to go.

Anyway, Smiles, Tiny Mite and dear old Chubby pleaded with me so earnestly that I could not refuse them. But Daddy had worked hard all that day and was too tired to make up a brand new story so I told them an old one. After I had told it to the Bobbies they all asked me to tell it to the Juniors. So just because the Bobbies want me to I shall tell you the same story this month.

There was just a little argument among the Bobbies as to whether I should tell about some of those who returned or whether I should tell the story to the Juniors. At any rate I think the Old Timers were in the majority so I guess I shall tell the story. Tiny said it is a "darling" story. Chubby said he thought it would do our Juniors a lot of good. Smiles said all the Juniors would enjoy it. So here we go. The name of the story is:

The Forbidden Fruit

"COME ON Dorothy, I want to show you something."

The speaker was a little girl called Angela Carroll. She had just finished her third glass of milk and hastily set down the empty tumbler. Dorothy's last name is Hanely. She is a cousin of Angela and is spending a few days with her. She also had just finished her third glass of milk and with a mouthful of cookie she mumbled:

"All right, Angela, let's go."

Both girls wore pretty blue frocks. Both were about eleven years old.

THE † SIGN

Angela led the way while Dorothy followed in her footsteps. Soon they were on their way down the cellar steps. When they reached the cellar Angela pressed a button and the whole basement was flooded with light. Then Angela started to show Dorothy why she had brought her down there.

IN ONE corner there was a large coal bin, well filled for the winter. Near it was a great furnace with a glowing fire within it. In another corner of the cellar there was a large bin filled with potatoes. And then—ah, here is what brought Angela down into the cellar. What do you think it was? Nothing less than a row of shelves all covered with jars of preserves. Peaches, pears and plums; raspberry and strawberry jam, grape jelly, quince jelly and—Dorothy could not look at any more. So many good things! How her mouth did water for just some, if only a little jam.

Angela teased Dorothy: "Wouldn't it make your mouth water?"

"I should say it would," Dorothy answered. "Can't we have a teeny bit of any of it? I'm awfully hungry right now."

"Sure we can have some," said Angela. "But before you take any just look here and see what we got." She pointed to a big jar of luscious cherries. It stood by itself as though it was better than all the other jars. Certainly it did look the most tempting to the girls.

"My gracious goodness!" exclaimed Dorothy, her eyes bulging out of her head, "don't those cherries look fit for a king? Can't we have some of them?"

"No," replied Angela very emphatically, "mama is saving that jar for Aunt Jane. You know my aunt just loves cherries and mama told her she would keep this jar just for her. We had a whole lot of cherries this year but we ate them all. I had most of them. But mama won't allow me to touch that jar because it's the last one and it is promised to Auntie."

"Well, do you know I'm just dying to taste them," asked Dorothy. "We wouldn't have to eat the whole jar and there would be plenty for your aunt. Can't I even taste them?"

"I'm awfully sorry I can't give you some of the cherries, Dorothy," said Angela, "but I can give you anything else here. Look at these glorious peaches and these plums. And what about this strawberry jam? Can't you eat something else?"

"Well, if you told your mother that you gave me some, she wouldn't be mad would she?" argued Dorothy.

Be it said to Angela's credit she refused to listen to Dorothy's questions. "No," she answered, "the cherries are out of the question. But let's pick out something else, huh?" She was sorry now that she had brought Dorothy down to see the cherries.

The two looked at jar after jar trying to decide on something else. For a full five minutes they pointed to this and to that but they could not agree. That tempting jar of cherries, the "forbidden fruit," was good to behold and promised to be equally good to taste.

"But you can't have the cherries, Dorothy," blurted out Angela when she noticed Dorothy again standing in front of the forbidden jar. Oh, why had she brought Dorothy down here anyway. "Please, Dorothy, don't look at them any more, because I can't give them to you," she pleaded.

Dorothy was not accustomed to go without what she wanted. She meant to get those cherries, but of course she could not just pick up the jar and help herself. No, but she would get Angela to consent when she had aroused her appetite for the cherries.

"They won't go sour from my looking at them, will they?" she asked peevishly. "I don't believe your mother ever told you that. You're afraid I'll get some and you want all of them yourself. I know why you are afraid to let me look at them!"

STRANGE it was but Angela suddenly had a great appetite for the cherries. She was mad that she had brought Dorothy down there at all, mad that Dorothy talked so meanly, mad that she could not possibly have those cherries and she determined to do something and do it quickly. An idea had flashed through her head. It was not a good idea but Angela, just then, did not stop to think about it being good or bad. All she knew was that the cherries were most tantalizing, that her tongue was hanging out for some and that Dorothy would feel terribly hurt if she did not get some of those cherries.

"Do you know, Dorothy," she said, those cherries are up so high that mother is going to have a hard time getting them down. It won't do any harm to put them on a lower shelf, will it?" And of course Dorothy quite agreed with Angela.

She looked about the cellar for something to stand on. There were no boxes in sight. Then she thought of the stepladder just up at the top

of the stairs. Up she bounded two steps at a time. In no time she was back with the ladder. In a moment she was up on the top reaching for the jar of cherries. In another moment the change was complete and there within easy reach reposed that jar of beautiful cherries. How they sparkled from beneath the glass. They must be awfully good.

"Oh, aren't they beautiful, Dorothy?" she asked. "I can almost taste them."

"They look beautiful all right," answered Dorothy, "but I think they're expecting me to eat some of them. If you won't let me eat some of them will you let me just smell them. Let's take off the lid, we can put it back all right and nobody will ever know we had the jar open."

THE CHILDREN were playing with temptation. Each moment the desire to taste the forbidden fruit was becoming stronger. Each moment they were becoming weaker in their resistance. Their Guardian Angels were striving to prevent them from doing wrong. But the fruit looked so good they failed to listen to the Angels' warning to "Beware!"

"Aunt Alice told me before she went shopping," said Dorothy, "that the best in the house wasn't too good for me. (Aunt Alice was Angela's mother.) And what's more, she said there were loads and loads of preserves in the cellar and that I could have anything I wanted."

Dorothy's Guardian Angel sighed when he heard her say that because he knew that it was not the truth. Dorothy had told a lie. She had purposely forgotten all about Aunt Alice's words about a certain jar of cherries which was not to be touched before Aunt Jane arrived.

"Did she really say that?" asked Angela in an anxious voice. "You're not fibbing, are you? Let me see your tongue."

Dorothy's unruly tongue stuck out as far as that little lady could force it. In fact she began to wince with pain. She had strained every muscle in extending it.

"I don't see any black spots," pronounced the little judge with very evident satisfaction. "I guess we can have the cherries all right."

A voice deep down in Angela's heart began to murmur something that sounded like: "You know very well that those cherries are to be kept for Aunt Jane. You know that your mother never told Dorothy she could have those cherries." But Angela wasn't listening to that little voice.

The cherries looked too good—they surely did!

Dorothy lost no time taking advantage of her success. "Angela," she said, "we'll have to eat these cherries or they'll spoil. You get some dishes and spoons and I'll open the jar. Maybe we won't have a fine feast."

It did not take Angela long to return with the saucers and spoons. But it took Dorothy even less time to open the jar. It took all her strength and though she panted and puffed she had it open before Angela got back. She had already sampled the cherries and with a teasing smile at Angela she cried to her: "Oh, Angela, they taste fine. They certainly taste like more."

Both filled their saucers. Neither spoke. But cherry by cherry the jar slowly was emptied. Saucer after saucer. The little gluttons never seemed to get enough.

A great Saint of the Church once said: "Sin by its own weight draws us to another sin." Which saying had some application right here in the cellar.

"They wouldn't keep anyway," said Angela.

"Your Aunt Jane will never know what she missed," said Dorothy, "if we only eat all of them."

Both girls had eaten enough. But both were now convinced that it was necessary to eat all the cherries. At last the feast came to an end. Feasts always do come to an end. Then the trouble started.

Alice, Angela's fifteen-year-old sister, after searching through the whole house for the two girls finally discovered them in the cellar. The empty jar told the tale.

"Now what will we have for Aunt Jane," cried Alice. "She's coming to see us tomorrow and mother promised her that jar of cherries."

"She'll simply have to go without them," said Angela.

"We ate all of them purposely so that she would never know what she missed," said Dorothy. "Wasn't that nice for us to do?"

"You are the ones that should have gone without them. If you had not tasted them you would never know what you had missed. You better come upstairs because mother is coming home in a short time."

AN HOUR passed by during which neither of the guilty ones seemed to feel very well. They knew what was coming and besides, their little stomachs began to register specific signs of a real stomach-ache.

THE † SIGN

Mother returned. She was a most patient and kind mother. She did not whip Angela. She took both children into the parlor and placing one on each side of her she began this little conversation:

"Angela, tell me, why did Mother Eve have to leave Paradise?"

"Because she ate forbidden fruit and God punished her."

"And why did Eve eat the fruit when she knew it was forbidden?"

THIS TIME Angela tried to be funny. "Because she was told not to eat it and all women do the opposite of what they are told!"

"Now, now," cautioned mother, "be careful young lady or you will receive a good punishment."

"Now, I want both of you children to remember that Eve ate that forbidden fruit simply because she thought she would be happier after she ate it. But she wasn't a bit happier. She was put out of the beautiful Garden of Eden and had to lead a miserable life trying to save her soul. And don't you children ever get the idea that you can be happier by doing wrong—you can't be happier, never, never, never. God is bound to punish you when you do wrong and when God punishes you you cannot possibly be happy. Now remember that. God will punish both of you for what you have done. Just mark my words and never do it again."

By this time both girls were feeling very sick. Milk and cherries do not mix. They felt perfectly miserable. To mother's warning, Angela weakly answered: "I know it, mama." And Dorothy repeated in a very mournful voice: "And I do too. I'll never do it again."

Shortly after, both children were put to bed and the usual household remedies given to both. For a time they tossed about moaning and crying. At last they fell asleep. After a while Angela murmured in her sleep: "Don't you children think you can become happier by doing wrong. You can't, never, never, nev—"

* * * * *

And that's the story Daddy told the Bobbies. How do you like it Juniors? Tiny, Smiles, Chubby and all the other Bobbies will be waiting to learn how you enjoyed this story. You know I told it to you because they wanted me to do so. So be sure to write to me and tell me what you

think of Angela Carroll and Dorothy Hanely.

Benny, a dear little Bobby who has been very shy about saying anything to our Juniors came to me the other day with this little poem on a piece of paper. How do you like Benny Bobby's poem?

TO THE DEAR JUNIORS

Chubby is a smart Bobby,
Smiles is full of glee;
But if you want the best of all,
Then just you send for me!

NOT so bad for Benny, is it, Juniors? Well, the first Junior who writes in will receive Benny. Who is going to be the first?

Don't forget to get your Bobby for Lent. Surely you are all going to save for the Missions during Lent. Well, don't wait too long, because all the good Bobbies may be gone.

Good-bye, Juniors. Don't forget to pray for the poor Missionaries. Next month I hope to have a lot of letters to put in the magazine. So be sure to write to your old friend,

DADDY SENN FU.

Catherine's Gold Piece

(As reported by the Florist)

DEAR DADDY SENN FU:

I came from Gabriel's Gardens, Oyster Bay, Long Island. I am a five dollar gold piece. I belonged to a little girl named Catherine Hines who lived in Oyster Bay. I was given to Catherine for Christmas and Catherine played with me as she lay in bed and she tried awful hard to spend me for a present for her mother.

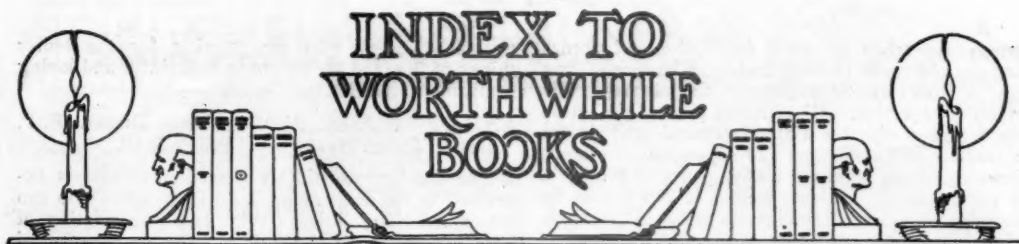
Catherine had been sick for three years and was not able to go to the store to spend me. So after Catherine and I had played together for nearly a month, Catherine was called home by her Heavenly Father and I had no place to go.

So Catherine's mother did not have the heart to spend me. She took me to Catherine's Uncle to buy some lillies to put on Catherine's coffin. And when I was taken to the place where the lillies grow the man said: "Well, if Catherine could not spend you, you are not to be spent." So now I come to Daddy Senn Fu.

I am all gold, Daddy. Do with me as you will. And be sure to pray for little Catherine.

Totally yours,

A FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

LITERARY ART AND MODERN EDUCATION. By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price: \$1.75.

Fifty years spent in educational work is an enviable record. The author celebrates the occasion by giving to the public a book which interestingly reviews the schooling provided for American children, as he has come to know it. Because of his many years of contact with what is being done for the Americans of the future, his work should have an especial appeal to taxpayers, educators, and parents particularly. Taxpayers may not be over-much pleased with what is being done with the money which they so lavishly provide. Educators may benefit by seeing themselves as others see them. Parents may learn how the mentality of their children is being trifled with by educational fadists, who are manipulating the school system for the benefit of slightly less than nine per cent of the nation's students. Annually there is spent one hundred and thirty-seven dollars and seventy-four cents per pupil of the few, and only fifty-one dollars and fifteen cents per pupil for the ninety-one-plus per cent of those who receive no more than an elementary education.

"The Second Annual Report of the Federal Board of Vocational Education states that in 1915, 91.03 of our children were in elementary schools, 7.13 in secondary schools, 1.84 in higher institutions. In view of these figures the Federal Board of Education and all State Boards should see to it that the ninety-one per cent are educated before the seven (who in most cases can pay for their education) receive expensive and experimental vocational training. Democracy requires that all should receive the necessities before a privileged few are given the luxuries, and educational facilities in buildings and teachers for the lower grades are not nearly ample enough, at least in the larger cities. Americanization and elimination of illiteracy must begin there. It will be too late in the secondary school when the ninety per cent have left." Page 228. The most wretched feature of the case is that the schools for the ninety are being exploited for the benefit of the schools for "the privileged few." If a super-superlative be permissible, fadists' experimenting with the mentality of the pupils of both elementary and secondary schools is even worse than most wretched.

No one expects all readers to agree with all of the author's presentations; but even they who differ from him can hardly fail to enjoy his literary playfulness. The first part of the book sketches the purpose of earlier schooling, which is a liberal education as distinguished from vocational; the second part is busied with the traditional system of schooling and modern departures therefrom; the third part analyzes the

vagaries of mental testers. The author is not content with finding fault; he points out remedies. The range of views is wide and varied—from baby's first smile to the wild dreams of test-fadists. Throughout it is enjoyable reading plus very helpful information, and, also, not a too disagreeable corrective of the intellectual lop-sidedness with which specialists, educators not excluded, are so very apt to be affected.

SKETCHES ON THE OLD ROAD THROUGH FRANCE TO FLORENCE. By A. H. Hallam Murray. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price: \$5.00.

The book was conjointly produced by three British lovers of two distinctively Catholic countries—France and Italy. A. H. Hallam Murray made the pictures, thirty-two in color and seventeen in black and white in the text. They are not reproductions of photographs, but are copies of an artist's sketches. They have the delightful individuality which the camera cannot give—that emphasis on the outstanding feature which caught the artist's eye. The title of the book stresses what the reader should keep in mind throughout. The "Sketches" are of scenes along "The Old Road through France to Florence"; therefore, views of the real greatness of the two countries—their past. The text for the pictures of France was written by H. W. Levison, and the text for the pictures of Italy was written by Montgomery Carmichael.

Besides its artistic and literary values, the book furnishes material for the comparative study of two types of mentality; one subjective and the other objective. The former measures things by one's I-think-so, and the latter measures the I-think-so by things. Pure romance is the proper field of subjective wanderings; but departure from the objective in all other fields of thought is very apt to bump up against what hurts, because it can be checked by realities. Mr. Levison, who wrote the introduction and first ninety-seven pages of the text, ventured into Catholic folklore of Catholic France by the subjective method of thought, and stumbled. Like that of all peoples, Catholic French folklore interweaves the real and fanciful so intricately that only sympathetic experts can unravel them successfully. In France and Italy the reality of Catholic belief and the fanciful of legend interlace as luxuriantly as the climbers and trees of a tropical forest. The more fervid the imaginative ebullition of a people, the greater must be the required skill of him be who would disentangle fact and fancy. Mr. Levison's method and skill were unequal to the process of disentangling Catholic belief and legend among the French. Hence, unscholarly writing such as is found on pages 51-53.

The remaining pages of the three hundred and

THE † SIGN

thirteen are taken up with descriptions of scenes along the old roads through Italy to Florence. They were written by Montgomery Carmichael. His method is objective. His writing proves him to be quite familiar with the Catholic mental attitudes of the Italians. The spiritual and supernatural, so conspicuously absent from the earlier pages of the book, are very much in evidence here. It can hardly be otherwise in writing intelligently about what made and makes Italy so attractive to tourists whose quest is something higher than a gay time. Catholicism inspired and controlled all phases of the arts of Christian Italy. Italian imagination furnished the fanciful of legend. The combination of the two provokes the grateful worship of the world. Mr. Montgomery understands the combination well enough to disentangle the parts when there is need therefor. The result is informative description which enhances the significance of Mr. Murray's effective sketching. Travelers who have had the privilege of loitering about Pisa and Florence, especially, will find in the book provocation for enjoying reminiscences more vividly, and others may be tempted to make arrangements for an early visit. Variety is added by historic and legendary detail. Admirers of Shelly's versification will be interested in Mr. Carmichael's narrative of the poet's last fateful sail and of the disposition made of his remains.

VINE AND BRANCH. By a Sister of Notre Dame. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Price: \$1.25.

Four series of soliloquies of a woman in the world who tries very hard not to be of the world, written by a woman hardly in the world and surely not of the world, make up the pretty little book. Throughout there is a decided feminine slant. So it should be in what is written especially for women. God made them delightfully different. There is a difference both in their foibles and in their virtues. The one and the other are interestingly emphasized. The soliloquies are devout without being stilted; practical, without being crude; they aim high, but not too high even for the average woman who is mindful of her soul. The book should be a welcome companion for persons who visit the Lord in His Eucharistic Presence. The style is familiar converse. Possibly the author would have done better by clinging to the more dignified "Thou," "Thee," and "Thine." But taste differs. There is a charm in these soliloquies which should make the book a favorite with the many

Catholic women who are striving for the holier things of life, and seek them in thoughtful and loving companionship with the Christ.

END OF THINGS. By Mary Dixon Thayer. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price: \$2.00.

The significance of this charming volume is expressed in the dedication: "To Grown-ups who can remember being little." With rare appreciation of her own childhood the author gives us a series of pen pictures that faithfully portray the first impressions of the world as seen through the innocent eyes of a little girl wondering about how things began and how they will end.

GODWARD: OF THE RUGGED PATH OF JOYS AND SORROWS. By the Rev. Frederick A. Houck. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. Price: \$2.00.

The author offers this book as a help towards reducing life to a correct system. "A false or inadequate view of man's origin and destiny can never satisfy. The man who limits his view to the things of time and sense-perception cannot be happy. By doing so, his capacity for God, for Whom all are created, is sure to remain undeveloped. There can be no true peace and joy in the heart that does not know and seek God. The man who is wholly absorbed in the things that pertain to health and wealth has a false and distorted view of life." On this thesis the author builds up an interesting spiritual study of man's immediate relations with his Creator. The seven chapters of the book are entitled: Man for God, The Lord God Almighty, The Providence of God, Union with God, Reunion with God, Communion with God, and Rest in God. We recommend the book for its clear statement of doctrine and simplicity of language.

VEST POCKETBOOK OF CATHOLIC FACTS.

By J. F. Noll, Bishop of Fort Wayne. Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. Price: \$1.00.

In a convenient form the author has gathered together an immense amount of information on Catholic doctrine, practice and organization. As a ready-reference it will prove invaluable. Neatly bound in leather, well printed and thoroughly instructive, it is worth more than the price asked. Get a copy for yourself. Give a copy to a non-Catholic friend.

DAVIS BROS. CODFISH CAKES

Friday!



Ready-mixed with Potatoes - Just FRY and SERVE

Here's something that makes the lover of sea food smack his lips.

The pick of all the cod brought into Gloucester Harbor by our fishing fleet, mixed with fine mealy potatoes. No soaking of fish over night or boiling potatoes—simply open a can, shape into cakes and fry.

They are even better than the fish cakes Mother makes.

Delicious Appetizing
(Write for sample can to)

DAVIS BROS. FISHERIES,
Incorporated
Gloucester, Mass.



The Mission Situation in China

Forty Thousand Devils and One Priest

By JEREMIAH McNAMARA, C.P.

THIS PAST year has been full of happenings. It would take days of work even to outline the chief events. I know that the readers of *THE SIGN* will be more pleased with a detailed account of a few intimate experiences of a Missionary in China than with some general notions covering a long period of time. So, in these few notes, I will restrict myself to the experiences that were crowded into ten days of my visit to a station of the Supu Mission.

A few weeks ago I went to Lungtan, distant some fifty English miles from Supu. Lungtan literally translated means Dragon's Pool. In order to write at length of the few incidents I have in mind, I must pass over the commonplace and yet interesting events of a two day ride by mule over the fifty mile stretch between Supu and Lungtan.

Some writers have written an entire book describing a "night in a Chinese inn." This trip included such an experience or shall I call it treat? Late at night after I had been comfortably tucked under the warm

covers of a Chinese cotton quilt and was slumbering peacefully I was rudely awakened with the news that my mule had disappeared. There was only one thing to do and I did it—get after the mule. I surmised that it had merely strayed but could not be sure that it had not been stolen. At any rate we, my catechist and I, immediately set forth in pursuit. After a mad chase in the darkness I succeeded in recovering the scared beast but lost a night's sleep. It was well worth it, however, because without the mule I could not have journeyed forth on the morrow.

Next day toward noon we arrived at Lungtan safe and sound not having passed a single bandit on the way.

Lungtan had its place in the recent Revolution. There was some ill treatment given the Church and the thirty baptized Christians of the Mission. But owing to the protection given the Church by the military and civil authorities no material harm was done to the modest little building that has been rented and serves as a combination priest-house,

chapel and catechist residence. Several times during those troublesome days the rabble, in the course of parades, yelled like demons: "Down with the Mission!" There was one man in particular, a leader in this work of destruction, who yelled out so vehemently that he easily outclassed all the other yellers. In a few days he became demented. The townspeople, religious to the core, both pagan and Christian alike, believe firmly that the man was punished for his extreme hatred of the Catholic Church. But what startled the pagans even more was when I told them that we Catholics are obliged not to hate him but rather to pray that the Lord would cure and convert him! I remember well the amazed look on the pagan and Christian countenances as I informed them all that this is straight Catholic doctrine.

Lungtan is a small town in Supu County. It is well supplied with good water which is used to irrigate its many fertile fields. I have traveled in most of the towns and country places in our district and I think that Lungtan is the most favored of all. It is



MARRIAGE CEREMONY AT NUPTIAL MASS IN THE LITTLE MISSION CHAPEL AT KIENYANG.

not a walled town but rather a collection of villages with one or two streets on either side of the unnavigable river that flows in front of the Mission.

There are some Christians from the village proper. The story of one of these so-called "street" Christians, deserves to be told at length. It is all about an old lady seventy-six years old who bears the peculiar family name I. The readers of *THE SIGN* are daily praying for our poor Christians over here and I believe that they have a right to know that their heartfelt prayers are being answered by the King of Kings. The story of Mrs. I is surely one evidence of this.

Six years ago she received the sacrament of baptism from one of the Augustinian Fathers who founded this Mission. She was

then seventy years old. Now at seventy-six she is blind, feeble and deaf. She was living four or five city blocks away from the Mission and to reach it she had to cross a weakly-constructed Chinese bridge. I realized that it would be more convenient for her to receive instruction at the Mission rather than at home in the midst of pagans. She is the only Christian in her family. I invited her to come to the Mission and told her I would provide for her. When the first day passed and she did not come I was greatly disappointed. The next day I was surprised to see an old lady carried to the Mission gate by another old lady. I immediately went outside to greet them. The old lady had been carried all the way over the rickety bridge and along the river

bank to the gate. But as soon as she reached the Mission she tried to walk.

When she learned that I was a priest, and even before I could greet her, she cordially greeted me. She regretted that she had no present to offer me. (According to the Chinese custom of offering presents to officials. Christians frequently follow this custom toward their priests.) I reminded her that the only present I wanted was a soul willing to receive the grace of God. It had been six years since she had received baptism and at her age it was not unusual to learn that she had forgotten the little doctrine she had been taught at that time. There was one phrase she used in answer to all religious questions: "God—I know God."

I thought I was going to have a hard time in preparing her for her first confession, first Communion and extreme unction. We arranged that she should remain in the Mission over night. The catechist of Lungtan, Joseph Liu, was very kind and offered her the use of the only bed in his house and he himself slept on the floor. This good catechist was quite as anxious as I was that the dear old lady be well prepared to receive the sacraments. That day we spent instructing her in the fundamental doctrines of the Catholic religion until she finally fell asleep. When she awoke in the evening we began preparing her for her confession. One idea at a time and for a long time—was our motto in instructing her. The catechist's wife has been a Catholic for about eight years and it was not surprising if she made a mistake in telling the old lady to examine her conscience covering the past seventy years. I thoroughly enjoyed the joke, as did those present, and then proceeded to encourage her by

THE † SIGN

lopping off seventy years, telling her that she need examine her conscience only from the time of her baptism, six years before.

Upon hearing this Mrs. Liu, the catechist's wife said: "Sure, this old lady was old and feeble when she was baptized. She doesn't worship idols or devils. The only sins she can have are against the fifth commandment, scolding, cursing her neighbors or her relatives." This statement was rather amusing. I told Mrs. Liu to be sure to instruct the old lady about this bad habit of Chinese women (and I think I hear many readers of *THE SIGN* say: "It is a worldwide sin among women"). Mrs. Liu followed my instructions and after a few more admonitions Mrs. I was ready for confession. With this came to a close the first day's labor of the priest, the catechist and his wife and all those who

tried to make those deaf ears hear the message of the Gospel.

The next morning, after Mass, Mrs. I was duly prepared for Holy Communion and, though it was her first, she received like a daily communicant. She spent some time in prayers of thanksgiving and then had breakfast. Later we began instructions preparatory to the reception of extreme unction. She received this sacrament most devoutly. Her conduct was an encouragement to the priest and a shining example for the Christians of Lungtan. Thus far dear old lady I. Now we come to old man Wang.

In contrast to the "street" Christian, old man Wang is a "country" Christian. He is, indeed, a wonderful old character. Like the people of Lungtan generally, he makes his religion a living thing. I am told that he

has gotten a reputation for making pagans and Christians know the efficacy of prayer and of the Sign of the Cross. He cures many cases of malaria, headaches and other ailments by making the sacred sign on a towel and then placing the towel on the sick person while he recites most fervently three Our Fathers and three Hail Marys. Of course I cannot vouch for the truth of these cures. But one thing I know, and that is that old man Wang continues in his faith and with his prayers to the edification of all. He is a very devout old man and most sincere.

Here is another example of the religious spirit of the country people of this Mission. I met the Christians of one household, baptized their little baby and then listened to the father of the family tell me of two neighbors. Neither of the neighbors had



THE NEW MANDARIN WITH HIS OFFICIAL BODYGUARD VISITS THE SHENCHOW MISSION, OCTOBER, 1927. THE MANDARIN STANDS BETWEEN MONSIGNOR DOMINIC (LEFT) AND FATHER CUTHBERT (RIGHT).

THE † SIGN



CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE ORPHANAGE AT SHENCHOW IN CHARGE OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

ever been baptized, nor had they ever received any instruction. Yet they told this man that they intended to insist that their marriage be carried out according to the Catholic ritual. Marvelous this! And most promising for the Mission of Lungtan! These two souls were bent upon deliberately disregarding all the elaborate ceremonies which the pagans observe most exactly! They were doing this of their own free choice even though according to pagan belief to omit any one of the numerous details of a pagan wedding was to incur a lasting curse upon their married life!

Forty thousand devils released from Hell! Human devils! Imagine the shock of soul that was mine when I suddenly came upon this superstitious pagan ceremony! It was night and the blazing red torches added a touch of realism to the whole scene. I ventured nearer. Here in the space of about four hundred square yards had been erected numerous decorated arches about three feet high. At the far end of this plot of ground there stood a flaming torch as high as a good-sized tree. At the foot of this gigantic torch,

on an improvised platform, stood the officiating priests in their gaudy vestments singing and shouting incantations accompanied by the weird notes of a Chinese flute. The preparatory ceremonies continued for five hours. For me it was a most novel experience and I determined to see it to the finish.

About midnight a man bearing a magic wand, a rice bowl and an egg ascended the platform. He put the egg on the rude altar, covered the egg with the bowl, doing each action according to established ceremony. Then the officiating priest, invoking Di Tsang Wang, the prince of the ten demon rulers of Hell, commanded Hell to open and struck the bowl with the magic wand. Thus, to thousands of spectators, pagan to the very marrow of their bones, Hell was opened and forty thousand human devils were released.

Lost in bewilderment at such a grotesque travesty on religion, I was well nigh crushed with the thought of the tremendous power of Satan. Yet I knew, for I had seen it proved that very day, that some of this people were now, thanks be to God, as fervently Catholic as they had formerly

been pagan. Knowing the people of Lungtan are thoroughly religious, I took courage in the thought that by the prayers of the faithful and by apostolic preaching, the multitude could easily be liberated from this servitude of Satan unto the freedom of the children of God.

These reflections did not prevent me from asking one of the multitude: "What becomes of the forty thousand human devils? Where do they go?" Two Chinese words were given in explanation, *Luen hwei*, which mean transmigration of souls or metempsychosis. Thus I learned that these people were believers in the Buddhist doctrine of transmigration. Later I talked to my catechist about it and asked him for further explanation. From our talk I learned the application of this belief. During the recent famines beggars and starving people were given no relief by the natives who allowed these unfortunates to die. This was in conformity with the belief that souls released from Hell, such as these forty thousand, are reborn either as men to suffer, or they become fish, worms, birds or brutes.

* * *

To you who read this, let me say: For five such towns given over to these horrible superstitions there is but one missionary priest! Need I ask you to pray the Lord of the harvest to send more laborers into the field. The harvest is ripe for the reapers, but the reapers are all too few. Pray God that conditions may soon warrant more laborers in coming here to reap the harvest of souls. Pray that we win these souls from the selfishness of paganism unto the charity of Christ! And remember! These forty thousand human devils must hate this one, lone missionary of Lungtan. Do pray for him!

Some Sick Calls in China

By CONSTANTINE LEACH, C.P.

THERE HAS been so much sickness and so many deaths around here that I have been more than busy since my return. A sick call in China usually means a long trip into the country. I am sure that one or two particular instances would be of interest to the readers of THE SIGN.

While at one of our villages, word was sent to me that in another village, a few miles away, one of our Christian boys was very sick with smallpox. I received no detailed information as to just how serious his condition was. I took no chances. There still remained a few hours of daylight so I prepared to go at

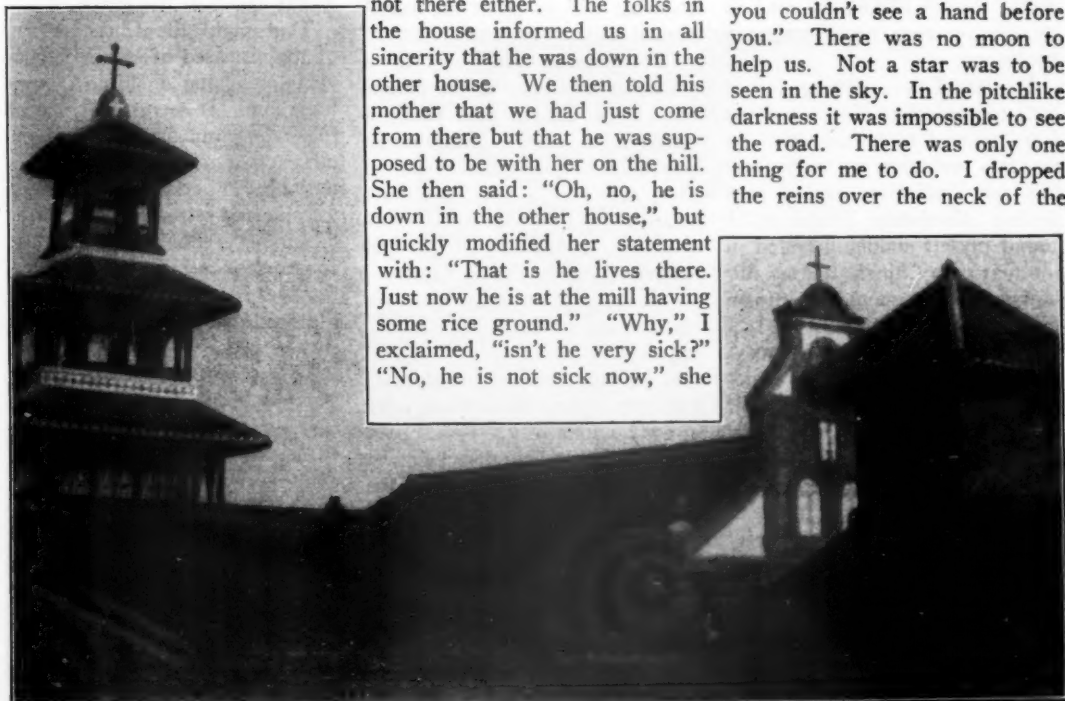
once. Our mules were out on the mountains grazing. I sent my boy after them and just as soon as he returned we set out.

It took us quite some time before arriving at the village. Once there we discovered that the lad had two homes. We inquired as to the whereabouts of the sick lad and we were told that he was now down in the house in the valley. We turned about and made all possible haste to the house down below. When we arrived there and asked for the sick lad the folks told us he wasn't there but that he was in his other home at the top of the hill. After climbing to the top of the hill we found out that he was not there either. The folks in the house informed us in all sincerity that he was down in the other house. We then told his mother that we had just come from there but that he was supposed to be with her on the hill. She then said: "Oh, no, he is down in the other house," but quickly modified her statement with: "That is he lives there. Just now he is at the mill having some rice ground." "Why," I exclaimed, "isn't he very sick?" "No, he is not sick now," she

answered. "He was sick but he is better now and has gone to the mill with some new rice to be ground."

This was not the first experience of this kind I have had. The priest soon gets used to these things in China. On most of his sick calls the sick person is either dead or cured before the priest is called or by the time he gets there.

It was getting dark and as I could not make any arrangements for saying Mass the next morning I decided to return to the other village for the night. We were not on the road very long before I realized the full meaning of the old phrase, "So dark you couldn't see a hand before you." There was no moon to help us. Not a star was to be seen in the sky. In the pitchlike darkness it was impossible to see the road. There was only one thing for me to do. I dropped the reins over the neck of the



TOWER AND ROOF OF THE CATHOLIC MISSION AT YUANCHOW.

THE † SIGN



WEST STREET IN YUANCHOW. BLIND WALL TO THE LEFT IS THE REAR OF THE CATHOLIC MISSION.

mule and allowed her to pick her own way back. Never was I more thankful that I had a good mule. Nancy picked the road as though it were an illuminated boulevard.

I guess I was getting just a little too proud of Nancy and the Lord wanted to humble me. At any rate just when we were nearing our destination and I was feeling absolutely confident, I found myself suddenly halted in the rear of a Chinese house. My boy was bright enough to inform me that we were off the road. I replied that I thought as much myself! Luckily we were not far off the right road. We went down the side of a mountain and reached a road that led almost straight to our Mission. I was mighty glad to see the lights at the Mission burning a cheerful welcome.

Word was brought to me on another occasion that one of our ex-catechists, who had joined the army, had been killed. His body, I was told, was being brought to his home and all

preparations were being made for a pagan funeral. There was only one way of preventing this and that was to be at the burial myself.

This man's home was in a place far back among the mountains in a district said to be a stronghold for the Yungshunfu bandits. The only Christians in the place were a few immediate relatives of the dead man. Outside this handful the people had no affection for the foreigner.

We were on our way when we met the son of the deceased making for my Mission. He stated that he was helpless in preventing the superstitions that were already under way. I was glad to meet the boy because I got an idea of what I could expect. He told me that they were saying all kinds of things about the foreigner and that they boasted that there would be superstitions whether the foreigner came or not. Of course I am the foreigner and I was not looking forward to a very cordial reception. As a matter of fact I was sur-

prised at the reception I actually received. The Chinese never express outwardly what they feel within. I was received like a long lost son.

The body of the dead man was out in the yard. Over it had been built a kind of shed made of bamboo mats. I asked: "Why don't you bring the body into the house?" They were shocked at the very idea that anyone who had been killed outside should be brought within the house. According to the Chinese superstition the soul of one killed outside his house does not return to the body. If the body is taken into the house a devil would enter the house and bring all kinds of bad luck such as poverty, sickness, robbery and death. I talked and talked. It was no use. The pagan members of the family could not or would not be convinced. The body stayed where it was until it was taken to the grave.

That night the Christian son of the deceased overheard a conversation going on in an adjoining room. It seems that one of the men was boasting to the others that, if they wanted him to, he could persuade certain men to come and seize the priest, carry him into the mountains, hold him for ransom and thus conveniently remove him while they buried the dead man. The boy listened for a while. Then, no longer able to control himself, he shouted so that all could hear him: "The Senn Fu is in the room just across the way. Why don't you yourself go over and try to take him now!" After that the boaster in the next room must have had his bluff called. The little band of schemers became suddenly silent.

Another of their superstitions here in China has to do with the choice of a day for a burial. Some days are considered very

THE † SIGN

lucky, others very unlucky. Burial on this day would mean bad luck to all the family. Burial on that day would bring good luck to all the relatives, etc. When I heard all this argument about the day I decided that I would name the date. I had no desire to remain around there for a week. At first, some of the Christians assured me that it was impossible to change the date already set. I called the Christians together for a little conference. We talked it over until I was utterly weary but finally succeeded in persuading them that the priest is a far better judge of what is a good or bad day than are their superstitious soothsayers. I started out with the argument that what was a good day for a pagan to be buried was a bad day for a Christian. The day was fixed for the second day after. The next day was Saturday so that

the funeral would be held on Sunday. Of course there were all kinds of objections. There were no men to carry the coffin, no funeral preparations had been made and a host of others were offered as an excuse for delaying the burial. Meeting their objections one by one I succeeded in convincing them that Sunday was the day for the funeral. Once there had been a definite decision, it was surprising with what ease everything was prepared. Even in China, "where there is a will there is a way."

Sunday arrived and none too soon for me. My stay had been far from pleasant. Hatred for the foreigner and for Christianity was openly displayed at every opportunity. They cursed and insulted the priest and hour by hour became more bold. I could stand it no longer so I had to take a hand and put a stop to it.

A Chinese funeral is far from being a solemn affair. The coffin is a large, cumbersome box. In this instance it was carried on two long poles and required about twenty-five men to handle it. The pall-bearers were merely laborers in bare feet or straw sandals. They took their job as a good joke and went along the road shouting and laughing. Someone shot off fire-crackers and others steadily pounded brass gongs.

We reached one place on the road where there was a small hill. The men in front began to push backward and the men in the rear pushed forward. Forward and backward and from side to side they went, with shouts and yells, while the mourners begged them to stop playing and go on. All the time the heavy coffin was in constant danger of falling over the side of the hill. Mounted on my mule



FATHER ANTHONY MALONEY WITH HIS BOY (RIGHT) AND HIS CARRIER (LEFT) ABOUT TO SET OUT FOR A FAIR DAY'S RIDE FROM SHENCHOW TO PAOTSING MISSION

THE † SIGN

Friends

A friend in need is a friend indeed. Right now our Missionaries are sorely in need of your assistance. How true it is that when adversity comes many of our best friends forsake us.

These are, indeed, trying times for our Missionaries. One by one they are returning to their Missions only to find them bare and empty. All supplies gone, furniture destroyed or stolen and houses damaged.

Won't you help them now? God will bless you for the sacrifice you make. Be it much or little send your donation for the Missionaries to:

The Passionist Missionaries
THE SIGN
Union City New Jersey

I was immediately behind the coffin and what with all the noise and confusion I had my hands full trying to keep the mule on the road. I knew that if they came a little too close to Nancy, who is extremely nervous, there might be another funeral before very long.

After some delay and some remarks about the devil being on the coffin because they had not been permitted to perform their superstitions the funeral again moved forward. Again a halt. This time they tried to persuade Thomas, the eldest son of the deceased, to kneel and bow his head to the ground before the carriers and beg them to go on. The boy, none too anxious to thus humiliate himself, came to me for advice. I told him there would be no kneeling before them if they had to stay there all day. If he wished, he might ask

them to go ahead, but no kneeling to them. This argument was settled by the poor wife of the dead man getting down on her knees before them. When the carriers saw that the boy positively refused to kneel they gave in and started forward.

Superstitions, would they never end? Now I learned that certain superstitions were to be performed at the grave. I determined to prevent these before the corpse arrived. I pushed forward and hurried to the grave, leaving the rest of the funeral cortège to come or stay as they pleased. I felt sure that most of this fooling was taking place because the priest was there to see it. They arrived in due time and I am glad that after preventing more superstitions I saw the poor dead man lowered into the grave.

They do have one rather nice custom. After the coffin is lowered into the grave, one of the children of the deceased kneels upon it and places the first earth in the grave. The meaning is that the affection of the children for the dead is so great that they do not permit others to bury him but perform this last service themselves.

Early the next morning we started on the road to Yungshunfu. There was some fear expressed that bandits might be lying in wait for us. With God's protection, however, we arrived home without having seen a single bandit.

A few days after our return there came another sick call. This time it was the wife of a catechist in one of the villages where we have a station. This village is safe enough in itself but along the road there are several places looked upon as bandit hang-outs. All went well on the journey to the village. On the return journey we had just

arrived at the summit of a mountain when we beheld two men with rifles waiting for us. I approached them and entered into conversation. When I inquired who they were I was told that they were village soldiers. When they started down the road along which we had to pass, I asked my boy whether he believed that they were really soldiers or bandits. We were in a very dangerous spot. "Suppose they are bandits and are waiting for us," I asked him, "would you be afraid?" "Oh, no," he assured me, "I would not be afraid. You could take care of those two." Just the same, I am glad that I was not put to the test of living up to his opinion of my prowess. All was safe along the rest of the way.

The last I saw of the women supposed to be dying she was sitting up in bed eating rice!

Copper

Copper certainly ranks far below gold in value. But then if you have enough copper you will at least get some gold.

Mite boxes are made to collect those stray copper coins. Of course a nickel or a dime may possibly slip into the box and at times the older members of the coin family join the mite box assembly in the shape of quarters and half dollars.

But copper does count. All we need is enough copper and the gold will take care of itself. Send for a Mite box and join the copper coppers. Address

The Passionist Missionaries
THE SIGN
Union City New Jersey

THE ✝ SIGN

Death seemed to be the one thought farthest from her mind!

It is not all sick calls and funerals, however. There is much work to be done in spreading the glad news of Christ's Gospel. There is no time to be lost. Schools, convents, orphanages and a host of other buildings are needed. Of course this program calls for assistance from America. I know my good friends are still interested in my work and I shall deeply appreciate any and all help, financial and spiritual.

Notes from an Ola Diary

(Concluded from January issue)

December 17th. After early Mass, with much regret for my enforced departure, I again set forth on the road to Chang-ko which is about sixteen miles from Supu. Father Flavian has an out Station at Chang-ko which is also a great credit to him. I found out afterwards that I did not leave Supu any too soon. In a letter written by Father Flavian and received at Paotsing after I returned he tells me: "God was certainly with you yesterday. About two hours after you left here, some 600 of the soldiers here revolted and shot up the town of Supu. They killed a number of people and took another crowd with them to the mountains."

December 18th. The sixth anniversary of my ordination. After early Mass I boarded a sampan that I had hired the night before. Set out in pouring rain for Chenki. Reached there about 4 P. M. It was a cure for sore eyes to see once more my former Mission and the famous Baby Farm of the famine five years before. I surprised Father Cyprian and after a good meal and about an hour's chat I re-

turned to my boat for I wanted to make Pushih that night. Chenki to Pushih is only a little over six miles but the days were short and it was soon dark. The rain continued to come down heavily and retarded our progress. The boatman, after we had gone scarcely a mile and a half, abruptly tied up for the night. To do this I knew would mean a day's loss to my journey. That didn't bother the boatman. Finally when I realized that words did no good I told him if he did not move I would be obliged to go myself and throw him overboard. I gave him a shaking to make him realize that I was in earnest and quite able to carry out my threat. Before I knew it the boat was in mid-stream again making for Pushih. In a letter which I received from Father Cyprian after my return to Paotsing he wrote: "It was only the rain and darkness that shielded you from the bandits. On Saturday when you left here seven boats were robbed and all the people along the road shared the same fate. One of my Christians had four dollars taken from him. Two merchants were tied up and taken into the mountains." Well, again I thanked God for His protection.

We reached Pushih safely after 9 o'clock. When our boat docked it was necessary to get a carrier to transport my bedding and buy oil for my lantern. It was after 10 o'clock when we started up to the Mission. On arriving at the Mission Compound no amount of calling and knocking would awaken the Catechist. So I secured a ladder and went over the wall. It was another half hour inside before the Catechist opened the door. He excused his slowness by saying he feared we were soldiers. I told both the catechist and the caretaker that I would forgive

them provided they went out and secured me a chair for the next day. Thus while they were going through the town in search of a "jow-dza" my boy was cooking a few eggs for my supper. In an hour the men returned saying it was impossible to get a chair. I told them I would call them early next morning and then they must get a chair for I could not delay for a single day. With a prayer to my Patrons to get me a chair on the morrow I turned in for the night or rather the morning as it was past midnight.

December 19th. I got up at 6 o'clock and called my chair-hunters. When I was about to start Mass my boy came to me saying the men were back and had not secured a chair. I, therefore, went to them immediately, and using Chinese diplomacy told them that unless they got me a chair I would find it necessary to have them discharged. By the time I had finished Mass they were back again and with them was the chair with the bearers. This chair was nothing more than a bamboo stool with two poles tied to the sides. As it was raining, hailing and snowing I secured an old piece of matting from the catechist and had them tie this around the chair. After the usual arguments about the price, delaying us another hour or so, we got started on the rough and muddy road across the mountains. At noon we stopped for breakfast. It was then that I found out that it would be necessary to change our course. I had intended to make Kutchang from Pushih. Kutchang is one of my own out Stations and I was told this was only twenty-five miles distant. As a matter of fact I found out later that it was really over sixty-five miles away. I asked the different men the

THE † SIGN

names of the towns on this road since I had never traveled this way before. When I heard that Chenchow was only forty-six miles away and that was just half the distance to Yungsui, I told them to take the Chenchow road instead of going to Kut-chang. This would save me a day and a half. It was now getting dark and the fact that the "jow-dza" broke down and that the road was very bad caused us to halt for the night at a little village called Pay-yang-chi. That day we made almost seventeen miles.

(To be continued.)

Gemma's League

An Association of Prayers and Good Works

THE OBJECT: To bring the grace of God to the souls of others and to merit blessings for ourselves; especially to bring great blessings on the work of the Passionist Missionaries and their work in China.

THE METHOD: The offering of our prayers and good works for the spread of Christ's kingdom in China.

MEMBERSHIP: Many charitably disposed persons interested in the sal-

vation of the souls of others.

OBLIGATION: No financial dues. Payments are made in the currency of Heaven. Prayers and good works are bartered for souls. Return monthly leaflet.

THE REWARD: God's blessings on ourselves and others. The reward of an Apostle who performs the spiritual works of mercy.

THE PATRON: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca. Born in 1878 and died in 1903. Her saintly life was characterized by a singular devotion to Christ's Passion. She had a burning zeal for the salvation of all for whom Christ

suffered and died. Her cause has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

HEADQUARTERS: All requests for leaflets and all correspondence concerning the League, should be addressed to the Rev. Director, The Gemma League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.

SAMPLE FACT

A dispatch to *The World* (New York) on January 25th says: "Scores of Catholics were arrested last Sunday for attendance at Mass. A number of Catholic women have been arrested for distributing postcards showing the recent execution of Father Michael Projuarez."

In the interests of the Church in Mexico we have published in pamphlet form two articles by Francis McCullagh entitled "The Mexican Gang" and "At Mexican Headquarters." This pamphlet gives the true facts about the Mexican situation. Procure copies for your own reading and for distribution.

Single copies, mailed free to any address, 10 cents; 100 copies, \$5.00; 1,000 copies, \$35.00.

THE SIGN,

UNION CITY, N. J.

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

Masses Said	#
Masses Heard	31,532
Holy Communions	20,979
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	62,959
Spiritual Communions	143,054
Benediction Services	10,189
Sacrifices, Sufferings	120,723
Stations of the Cross	13,959
Visits to the Crucifix	75,620
Beads of the Five Wounds	308,265
Offerings of Precious Blood	494,383
Visits to Our Lady	61,101
Rosaries	35,387
Beads of the Seven Dolors	5,309
Ejaculatory Prayers	3,976,051
Hours of Study, Reading	59,565
Hours of Labor	72,722
Acts of Kindness, Charity	39,467
Acts of Zeal	162,890
Prayers, Devotions	788,748
Hours of Silence	29,208
Various Works	227,073
Holy Hours	250
Hymns	13,632
Hours of Divine Office	2,120

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Ecc. 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

SISTER MARY PATRICK
MRS. J. MENSCH
JOHN MAMN
MARY McLOUGHLIN
CHARLES SWANWICK
JULIA PEMPINSKY
PETER PEMPINSKY
FRANK PEMPINSKY
HENRY ZEDERRICK
MARGARET DALY
EDWARD ENNIS
BRIDGET SKIFFINGTON

M. LANGENSTEIN
JOHN BYRNE
MARY COOLING
MARY FEENAN
JOSEPH PFAN
JOHN RYAN
PETER J. FLOOD
E. C. MORGAN
RALPH G. ELROSE
CHARLES McLOUGHLIN
JULIA ECKERT
MRS. GAVIN
MARY BRENNAN
MARY STILLWELL
CATHERINE McNIFF
LENHART
ELLEN A. KELLY
JESSIE G. PHILLEN
EDWARD EWELL
RALPH J. ELROSE
MARY ALOYSIUS KERN

ELLEN GOLDEN
JULIA McGLYNN
JAMES NUGENT
CATHERINE BYRNE
DANIEL McSHANE
PATRICK BRENNAN
ELLEN MURPHY
GENEVIEVE V. HEALY
THOMAS NOHALLY
MARY E. RYAN
MARGARET MULHALL
FITZGERALD
JULIA O'BRIEN
MR. FRANKENBERGER
BRIDGET CAVANAGH
MRS. MAGRATH
MARGARET FRUM
MRS. WALSH
F. D. McKEEVER
CHARLES GULLEN
NORA McLAUGHLIN

JOHN L. KEANE
ANN CASSIDY
RICHARD MacGOWEN
WILLIAM GILROY
CATHERINE E. TULLY
MRS. J. J. ROBERTSON
JOHN GORMICAN
MARY NOLAN
SOPHIA LANDRY

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.

"By Such Sacrifices God's Favor Is Obtained." (HEB. 13/15.)

We print here a list of Benefactors who have contributed to the relief of the famine-stricken in China. May God Himself reward abundantly their generous charity!

(Donations received up to January 15.)

CIRCLES: N. J.: Holy Souls Circle \$6.50; Monte Marte Circle \$28.50; St. Joseph's Circle \$10.25; St. Michael's Mission Circle \$25. N. Y.: Good Shepherd Circle \$5; American Missionary Maids \$50. PA.: Father Patrick Mission Circle \$127; St. Benedict's Circle \$720.

ALA.: Montgomery, S. B. S. \$1.

CALIF.: Anaheim, T. P. \$5; J. A. \$1; Eagle Rock, B. L. \$2; Hollywood, M. P. H. \$50; Los Angeles, E. E. K. \$1; V. & A. P. \$5; C. F. K. \$50; Oakland, F. K. \$4.

CONN.: Bridgeport, C. B. \$10; A. C. O. \$5; E. G. \$3; M. A. D. \$5; A. E. J. \$1; P. H. C. \$1; A. J. \$1; A. E. J. \$1; H. G. \$1; J. N. \$3; Danbury, M. T. S. \$1; M. F. S. \$1; New Haven, B. D. \$3; J. C. \$1.

D. C.: Washington, G. K. \$5.

FLA.: Daytona, C. McK. \$2; Winter Park, A. D. \$3.

ILL.: Aurora, H. H. \$5; M. C. \$7.50; Batavia, M. B. \$1; Belleville, H. J. F. \$2; Chicago, M. S. \$5; A. S. \$1; H. M. \$1; T. B. \$8.71; E. W. D. \$5; C. J. K. \$3; J. L. \$1; A. K. \$2; B. \$1; G. T. B. \$1.77; A. H. \$1; M. C. \$3; M. J. \$2; P. C. \$2; W. G. \$5; F. L. S. \$100; C. W. D. \$5.80; W. H. \$1; A. J. \$5; J. J. T. \$1; T. G. \$2; J. B. C. \$50; F. M. \$2; J. A. F. \$2; G. J. O'C. \$2; G. O. \$1; A. G. \$2; A. B. \$1; M. M. \$2; J. M. M. \$1; M. J. D. \$5; M. L. \$1; J. A. \$1; J. Z. \$1; J. B. \$1; N. M. \$3; N. E. T. \$2; W. B. \$1; J. K. \$1; M. A. M. \$2; M. B. C. \$5; M. A. G. \$5; Collinsville, E. M. S. \$12.20; Elmhurst, G. M. \$3; Galena, J. K. \$1; Huntley, F. F. \$1; Irwin, A. R. \$1; Johnsburg, S. S. F. \$1; Joliet, A. & K. L. \$5; A. S. G. \$1; La Salle, R. L. C. \$5; Mount Carmel, W. K. \$2.42; Northbrook, L. S. \$2; Oak Park, L. S. \$1.75; C. R. \$5; Pana, R. R. \$2; Rockford, M. A. P. \$1.

IND.: Indianapolis, E. G. \$3; M. R. \$5; A. O. \$1; D. Z. \$1.50; E. M. \$1; Jasper, Anon. \$1; Seymour, W. F. H. \$2.

IOWA: Breda, M. T. \$1; C. S. \$1; Earling, A. W. \$1; Iowa City, W. J. McD. \$10.

KANS.: Lenexa, A. G. \$2.

KY.: Covington, M. R. \$1; J. W. \$2.25; Lexington, S. A. S. \$2; Louisville, C. B. \$4; S. M. C. \$3; A. G. \$25; J. A. W. \$3; T. M. F. \$1; S. L. \$1; Nazareth, S. M. J. \$1; Newport, M. O'C. \$5.

LA.: New Orleans, J. A. C. \$2; K. S. \$5.

ME.: Fairfield, E. M. B. \$2; Wyttopitlock, R. A. P. \$3.

MD.: Baltimore, E. J. R. \$1; A. M. \$1; W. \$5.10; P. O'N. \$5; Cumberland, J. S. McN. \$10; Riderwood, F. H. \$300; Stemmers Run, F. B. \$1; Uniontown, F. McC. \$1.

MASS.: Allston, M. C. \$5; Arlington, J. O. \$1; A. G. H. \$2; Atlantic, G. E. L'B. \$6; Back Bay, P. M. \$10; E. A. S. \$5; Beverly, F. I. P. M. \$2.50; Blackstone, M. K. \$5; R. K. \$5; Boston, M. E. \$10; J. T. C. \$5; F. B. \$5; M. M. P. \$5; J. C. \$2; N. B. \$3; D. C. \$10; M. A. McD. \$5; W. J. C. \$5; C. P. E. \$5; M. K. \$5; K. McC. \$1; J. B. \$5; J. R. F. \$10; K. M. L. \$3; Brighton, J. R. F. \$10; Brockton, K. M. L. \$3; M. H. \$5; Brookline, M. A. J. \$1; M. C. \$1; M. M. H. \$3; N. J. C. \$5; A. G. \$2; C. H. \$2; M. M. \$5; A. E. N. \$5; N. D. \$2; M. McK. \$1; J. H. H. \$28; R. K. \$2;

K. L. C. \$3; E. O. \$2; K. D. \$1; M. R. \$1; C. P. \$1; D. H. M. \$5; M. D. \$1; A. S. \$5; M. G. C. \$1; Cambridge, D. D. \$1; M. E. C. & F. \$5; M. G. B. \$4; C. M. \$2; E. S. \$2; A. P. \$2; M. E. McC. \$1; L. H. \$10; Charlestown, G. T. L. \$2; E. D. \$2; F. A. McD. \$10; E. A. \$2; Chestnut Hill, K. C. O'S. \$2; M. B. \$2.50; B. W. \$2.50; J. G. C. \$1; L. H. \$2.75; M. K. \$1; Clinton, C. K. \$2; Collinsville, P. R. \$2; Dorchester, J. G. M. \$5; F. J. N. \$2; M. F. G. \$1; K. M. \$1.25; A. F. G. \$5; M. G. M. \$2; M. M. \$5; M. E. C. \$5; J. V. C. \$5; C. L. \$5; J. S. \$1; N. M. F. \$1; C. G. N. \$10; E. D. D. \$2; J. R. F. \$1; G. C. \$5; Everett, J. B. \$2; P. J. H. \$5; Forge Village, D. H. \$5; Gardner, C. M. B. \$2; Hyde Park, M. E. B. \$2; S. B. \$4; Jamaica Plain, M. L. R. \$1; M. C. \$1; E. G. \$1; B. M. \$2; J. W. C. \$2; Lawrence, J. C. \$3; M. L. \$1; Linden, M. C. \$1; Lowell, R. R. \$1; M. G. \$3; P. J. H. \$5; Lynn, E. B. \$7; L. M. S. \$1.60; W. M. C. \$1; Malden, M. R. \$2; Marblehead, E. L. B. \$5; Medford, E. M. O'D. \$1; M. I. C. \$2; G. C. \$2; Nantucket, M. M. \$1; Newton, J. J. B. \$3; M. E. B. \$1; Newton Center, M. B. \$1; Newtonville, F. J. M. \$1; Norwood, J. P. \$1; Pittsfield, A. E. J. \$5; J. T. C. \$2; Roslindale, J. S. P. \$2; R. A. G. \$2; Roxbury, C. J. \$3; M. D. \$5; M. E. McD. \$2; Roxbury Cross, W. H. \$2; Scituate, J. E. M. \$1; Somerville, J. T. \$1; M. H. \$2; M. R. B. \$2.50; M. O'B. \$1; M. H. \$1; A. E. O'L. \$1; T. S. \$1; South Boston, M. B. \$1; E. H. M. \$35; P. O'T. \$1; R. & E. S. \$5; H. McD. \$2; H. G. S. \$1; D. J. C. \$1; Springfield, M. E. C. \$10; P. C. \$1; Taunton, L. C. \$3; Waban, M. F. K. \$2; H. K. H. \$6; Waverly, A. M. \$3; West Newton, B. D. M. \$2; West Roxbury, E. E. S. \$2; E. D. \$1; D. K. \$1; M. C. \$1; M. L. M. \$3; J. J. M. \$1; M. O'N. \$1; West Somerville, R. A. B. \$1; Wollaston, R. L. \$5; G. M. \$3.

MICH.: Detroit, Anon. \$5; A. H. W. \$2; A. F. \$5; Rockwood, T. C. \$5.

MINN.: Hastings, E. T. \$25; Minneapolis, V. S. \$2; New Munich, K. H. \$4; Rutledge, P. P. \$1; Saint Cloud, C. B. \$1.

MO.: Festus, M. G. \$1; Independent, J. E. P. \$2; Jefferson Barracks, F. W. D. \$4; Kansas City, S. M. N. D. S. \$1; Pine Lawn, R. P. \$1; St. Joseph, Anon. \$2; D. W. \$5; F. S. G. \$4; St. Louis, L. H. \$2; F. G. \$5; C. S. \$25; J. D. D. \$1; H. H. \$2; M. G. S. \$1; Anon. \$1; A. L. \$1; F. H. \$1; H. D. G. \$1.25; J. F. B. \$1; F. F. \$2; F. S. \$1; F. H. \$1; A. U. \$5; B. W. W. \$3; N. G. H. \$1; H. M. \$1; W. F. \$1; M. K. \$1; M. H. \$2; A. G. G. \$1; M. J. B. \$1.60; C. D. C. \$1; G. L. K. \$1; E. F. \$2; M. S. \$1; E. McD. \$5; A. J. B. \$1; C. O. \$1.

MONT.: Butte, M. A. McN. \$2.

NEB.: York, M. B. \$2.75.

N. H.: Manchester, R. J. E. F. \$2.

N. J.: Arlington, M. F. W. \$6; M. M. \$2; Atlantic City, E. S. \$1; N. D. \$5; Belleville, H. S. \$1; C. D. \$2; Bergenfield, M. T. H. \$1; E. A. C. \$2; Bloomfield, L. R. \$1; A. C. M. \$2; M. C. \$2.50; Camden, C. A. M. \$5; J. L. \$1; Cliffs, C. B. \$3; Clifton, C. J. McA. \$1.25; Collingswood, A. M. \$1; M. K. \$2; H. J. \$1; E. M. M. \$2.17; S. M. E. \$1; Convent Station, A. F. B. \$2; Darlington, E. J. S. \$1; Dover, W. H. McG. \$5; East

DONATIONS (Continued)

Orange, L. O. \$2; I. S. \$1; T. C. \$2; M. B. \$1; Eatontown, F. \$5; Edgewater, K. M. \$1; M. L. \$1; W. H. \$2; E. T. \$3; C. M. D. \$2; M. McC. \$10; M. E. D. \$2; Elizabeth, M. S. \$2; G. T. \$25; S. G. \$1; Fort Lee, J. G. \$1; J. F. C. \$5; Grantwood, J. O. B. \$1; Guttenberg, M. D. \$2; C. A. \$5; Hackensack, M. B. \$1; S. B. \$2; M. B. \$1; A. T. E. \$1; E. W. B. \$2; C. F. S. \$1; Harrison, E. C. \$2; A. M. M. \$5; Hawthorne, E. B. \$1; Hightstown, T. H. \$1; J. K. \$1; Hoboken, M. H. \$3; M. S. \$2.26; M. F. \$3; T. H. \$5; E. G. \$5; B. M. T. \$1; J. C. \$5; J. J. C. \$9; W. L. \$5; W. F. O'C. \$1; M. S. \$2; Hohokus, F. C. H. \$10; Jersey City, M. G. H. \$1; A. McM. \$5; H. M. \$1; H. S. \$5; M. S. \$5; E. M. \$2; M. V. F. \$10; A. L. \$2; M. B. \$1; M. S. \$20.13; F. S. \$7.25; M. F. C. \$2; W. A. M. \$5; W. A. B. \$10; A. C. \$1; J. A. S. \$2; G. S. \$2; S. M. F. \$5; S. G. \$25; M. M. \$12.62; E. & W. J. L. \$10; S. H. \$2; G. M. \$1; W. M. \$2; C. E. \$1; H. R. M. \$5; E. M. M. \$5; W. D. \$3; A. W. C. \$1; F. T. \$6; S. P. \$3; L. M. \$2; A. L. \$1; M. H. \$1; J. E. D. \$1; M. D. \$5; K. M. O'D. \$10; J. F. P. \$2; K. \$8; G. M. \$1; A. D. \$1; A. K. \$1; K. E. \$3; P. K. \$10; E. A. K. \$1; R. M. S. \$2; M. F. \$5; A. A. \$5; A. D. \$1; P. McD. \$1.75; J. J. P. \$2; M. A. F. \$1; A. C. \$1; A. M. N. \$2; Kearny, A. M. N. \$2; Long Branch, J. C. H. \$3; Lyndhurst, H. C. \$5; Maplewood, M. L. W. \$1; M. J. McC. \$3; Maywood, M. S. \$1; A. S. \$1; R. & C. \$4; Montclair, B. McL. \$1; Morris Plains, F. L. \$5; Morsemere, J. McK. \$2; Newark, J. C. \$2; M. B. \$1; B. M. \$7; N. L. \$2; J. F. C. \$1; A. McC. \$10; M. McG. \$5; A. G. \$5; E. C. S. \$25; M. A. D. \$5; M. C. C. \$3; D. & O'B. \$5; J. M. \$4; J. M. \$1; C. L. \$1; M. A. C. \$2; M. C. \$1; M. M. \$1; W. E. C. \$5; W. J. \$2.50; C. M. \$2; C. D. S. \$1; E. J. S. \$1; L. H. A. \$1; J. Q. \$5; E. A. M. \$1; S. W. \$2; M. M. \$2; A. B. \$1; M. H. \$3; M. O'C. \$1.25; M. L. \$2; H. T. B. \$1; C. A. L. \$5; M. H. \$1; M. J. M. \$1; A. B. \$5; P. G. \$3; E. L. M. \$5; A. M. P. \$1; C. B. \$3; New Brunswick, E. B. \$5; North Bergen, J. K. \$1; E. C. \$10; P. F. D. \$1; T. C. \$1; M. C. \$1; Nutley, T. J. B. \$1; Oakland, P. F. \$2; Ogdensburg, H. K. \$5; Oradell, C. D'y. \$2; Orange, J. McG. \$5; B. L. \$3; G. S. H. \$1; Oxford, T. K. \$1; Palisade Park, A. H. \$1; Paterson, M. C. McC. \$5; R. J. M. \$1; E. J. W. \$5; Perth Amboy, K. McG. \$2; Plainfield, T. W. \$2; Princeton, H. A. D. \$15; Rahway, M. T. S. \$5; Raritan, S. M. A. \$2; Ridgefield, G. D. K. \$100; Riverside, T. K. \$3; Roselle Park, G. V. D. \$2; A. B. \$1; J. S. M. \$1; Secaucus, E. D. \$3; South Orange, D. F. O'C. \$14.14; W. C. B. \$1; Spring Lake, R. L'S. \$1; Stirling, M. A. M. \$2; Summit, C. M. \$2; A. N. \$2; T. S. \$1; F. A. D. \$2; E. L. \$2; Union City, M. C. R. \$2; F. H. Z. \$8.67; A. M. \$5; L. M. \$15; Anon. \$2; M. A. \$5; L. M. \$5; W. B. \$1; Anon. \$25; H. \$1; L. M. \$5; L. M. \$1.50; B. S. \$1; M. K. \$3.40; L. C. \$3; A. H. \$1.25; Anon. \$10; T. J. M. \$1; B. M. \$5; O. W. B. \$1; J. A. V. \$1; F. G. \$5; A. B. \$1; S. R. \$1; P. H. \$1; S. \$3; L. M. \$5; A. S. \$1; K. K. \$5; E. S. \$2; Water Witch, E. A. M. \$2; Weehawken, J. C. \$1; H. G. \$5; M. S. \$5; A. T. S. \$10; I. C. S. \$1; M. S. C. \$1; T. F. N. \$5; P. I. F. \$1; E. W. \$2.38; Westfield, C. J. S. \$2; West Fort Lee, A. L. \$5; West New York, J. C. \$1; N. B. \$2; J. D. B. \$3; E. O. \$1; West Orange, M. B. \$1; J. J. B. \$5; A. T. S. \$2; Westwood, E. M. O'C. \$10.

N. Y.: Anon. \$1; Albany, C. M. \$1; Amenia, J. McE. \$35; F. E. L. \$15; J. B. McE. \$5; Astoria, J. V. K. \$2; C. K. \$2; Brooklyn, R. H. K. \$5; M. T. C. \$25; C. J. \$5; A. C. G. \$2; A. McC. \$6; L. C. W. \$1; M. H. \$3; A. B. \$2; A. P. \$1; A. L. P. \$1; F. J. H. \$1; R. A. M. \$2; M. A. \$1; A. H. H. \$1; C. \$5; I. F. W. \$3; W. J. C. \$5; M. C. \$2; M. B. \$1; J. W. S. \$2; M. B. \$5; D. T. \$2; M. E. A. \$4; J. I. \$1; A. A. C. \$1; S. L. \$5; J. P. \$1; M. N. \$1; D. \$10; F. D. \$1; D. S. \$1; M. K. \$2; G. P. \$1.25; T. F. O'C. \$1; J. F. O. \$5; F. F. \$2; A. O'D. \$1; G. F. H. \$4.10; M. R. \$2; A. W. \$2; E. M. \$1; C. \$3; H. J. H. \$2.50; F. J. M. \$2; M. F. D. \$5; C. G. O'B. \$2; B. R. \$5; M. McL. \$2; J. M. M. \$10; J. J. McC. \$1; M. B. \$40; C. B. \$1; M. McD. \$7; A. E. N. \$5; D. S. \$3; E. F. R. \$2; J. A. P. \$25; M. F. N. \$2; J. B. \$3; E. D. \$2; D. H. \$6; E. F. \$5; J. F. \$1; J. K. \$1; M. B. \$1; J. L. \$1; J. O. \$2; F. J. S. \$2; E. S. \$2; T. G. \$1; A. A. \$2.50; A. F. B. \$3; A. C. \$5; P. N. \$1; J. M. R. \$1; M. R. \$3; M. F. R. \$1; D. H. \$1; A. J. H. \$5; J. W. \$2; I. F. G. \$5; M. D. \$2; M. H. \$2; P. D. \$1; J. J. B. \$3; A. R. \$2; L. M. \$1; E. J. McC. \$10; C. S. \$2; M. A. C. \$1; F. T. \$1; C. & A. F. \$2; T. S. \$2; Anon. \$1; J. R. \$1; B. O. \$1; E. L. \$1; M. H. \$1; W. V. R. \$1; K. C. \$1; M. C. \$1; R. J. S. \$1; C. T. H. \$2; A. McC. \$2; L. McN. \$1; T. J. K. \$1; W. S. \$2.50; J. S. D. \$1; C. L. \$5; A. J. S. \$1; M. R. \$1; B. O'H. \$1; J. R. \$1; M. B. W. \$3; E. F. C. \$5; N. M. \$3; A. B. \$2; L. R. \$5; M. V. C. \$1; M. M. C. \$5; H. R. \$2; M. H. \$2; B. R. \$1; B. T. D. \$10; W. R. \$1; P. T. \$2; C. M. C. \$1; M. L. \$2; G. L. \$1; R. P. G. \$1; A. D. \$1; J. J. L. \$5; W. S. \$1; M. N. \$1; M. W. \$2; A. F. K. \$2; P. F. \$2; M. B. \$4; C. McL. \$1; F. F. \$5; H. F. S. \$1; McM. \$2; J. C. \$1; F. McM. \$2; M. A. C. \$2; C. D. H. \$3; Buffalo, T. M. \$10; M. B. W. \$1; O. C. \$1; J. R. C. \$3; S. M. M. \$5; E. R. \$1; V. McC. \$2; G. L. \$1; Central Islip, K. O'S. \$2; Corona, J. P. K. \$2; G. C. \$2; A. M. \$1; M. V. K. \$1; Darien Center, O. L. G. C. S. \$5; Dunkirk, M. B. \$15; E. J. I. \$1; A. M. C. \$2; K. K. \$26; E. M. L. \$4; G. C. M. \$5; Elmhurst, P. J. McN. \$1; K. M. D. \$1; H. S. \$3; L. C. M. \$2; Elmsford, M. T. \$5.40; Farmingdale, A. K. \$1; Forest Hills, M. M. \$2; B. K. \$5; Freeport, H. T. B. \$3; C. B. \$5; C. A. M. \$2; H. \$2; F. S. \$2; Glen Head, F. S. \$2; Hudson Falls, A. G. \$1; Huntington, F. B. \$2; M. M. McN. \$10; Islip, J. M. \$1; Jamaica, A. & M. B. \$1; I. E. C. \$5; A. G. \$1; Jamestown, J. J. T. \$1; Kew Gardens, C. B. \$4.40; Kingston, J. W. R. \$2; M. I. D. \$1; Long Island City, R. R. \$2; A. H. \$2; L. M. \$2; R. V. \$5; M. R. \$1; J. G. \$1; J. M. W. \$3; Mineola, L. F. R. \$5; Mount Vernon, M. G. J. \$2; J. A. M. \$1; Newburgh, P. P. C. \$2; New Hackensack, P. J. T. \$2; New Rochelle, M. W. \$2; S. L. C. \$4; New York City, M. S. H. \$5; N. E. W. \$1; J. F. H. \$2; A. M. \$100; D. H. \$2; K. K. \$2; J. K. \$1; J. H. \$5; M. McC. \$2; G. A. \$4; J. R. \$1; M. B. \$3; M. L. \$5; E. M. \$1; J. W. \$1; M. W. \$1; C. F. S. \$5; T. J. L. \$1; F. F. \$2; J. C. \$1; M. J. D. \$1.25; H. E. K. \$2; M. J. H. \$2; A. F. \$1; J. A. W. \$5; H. J. C. \$1; T. \$1; F. J. \$3; J. B. D. \$2; A. L. \$4; M. McG. \$2.30; M. V. C. \$2; A. H. \$4; W. T. S. \$2; C. J. A. \$1; A. F. \$1; A. H. \$2; A. W. \$1.25; W. S. A. \$1; A. M. \$1.20; M. B. I. \$1.20; E. C. D. \$2; B. J. P. \$2; C. B. \$3; C. D. \$5; R. H. \$1; A. B. \$2.58; McG. \$1; M. L. \$2; T. L. \$2; L. W. \$1; M. A. T. \$5; J. J. G. \$2; K.

DONATIONS (Continued)

B. \$1; E. B. O'B. \$5; P. M. \$13; J. P. W. \$5; M. T. B. \$1.70; R. McL. \$5; K. B. \$1; L. W. \$1; M. C. S. \$1; P. J. C. \$2; P. O'R. \$1; J. McC. \$5; A. E. \$5; R. M. G. \$6; H. F. \$1; J. P. P. \$5; C. McD. \$5; J. T. M. \$10; B. H. \$5; E. J. M. \$5; M. A. H. \$5; M. C. \$9; J. J. F. \$1; E. G. \$1; M. C. \$2; B. D. M. \$3; J. H. W. \$2; K. S. \$2; P. H. \$1; T. M. T. \$1; J. J. McA. \$2; W. C. H. \$2; N. A. T. \$1; N. D. \$2; M. R. \$5; C. C. S. \$2.25; C. E. S. \$3; E. C. \$1; N. F. \$1; J. McD. \$2; V. J. P. \$3; J. S. \$3; A. K. \$3; F. C. \$7.50; J. A. B. \$15; T. F. W. \$1; E. J. H. \$1; A. P. \$6; P. T. C. \$2; M. M. \$1; R. B. \$3; M. C. \$3; N. V. J. \$2; A. T. \$5; E. L. \$5; W. J. McL. \$2; W. K. \$1; A. F. \$1; P. L. \$5; N. M. \$1; A. M. \$1; M. McG. \$1; M. K. \$1; M. K. \$1; T. A. M. \$2; E. M. \$1; M. B. \$5; M. K. \$5; J. R. D. \$1; J. J. H. \$1; T. G. \$6; T. O'B. \$10; M. W. N. \$5; A. M. C. \$5; B. M. \$1; S. M. McC. \$2.75; J. M. W. \$2.81; A. M. \$1; A. A. \$1; M. S. \$1; M. T. \$1; W. D. K. \$1; W. S. B. \$1; A. M. \$1; A. P. \$1; M. G. \$3; J. O'D. \$1; A. S. \$10; H. E. E. \$25; M. McC. \$20; W. J. G. \$2; A. S. \$5; G. P. S. \$2; F. P. \$2; H. O'B. \$5; M. G. \$2; M. McK. \$1; J. M. D. \$1; A. M. \$1; T. M. \$2; M. L. G. \$11; M. McB. \$1; M. C. \$1; W. A. G. \$5; M. F. C. \$5; S. M. Mc. \$1; W. J. W. \$1; A. W. \$1; K. B. \$2; C. C. \$1; M. F. \$1; L. McL. \$1; M. T. C. \$1; P. R. \$1; J. M. C. \$1; R. M. L. \$5; A. B. \$2; J. S. \$2; T. J. T. \$1; L. S. \$2; M. A. R. \$1; B. O'B. \$2; M. A. \$1; M. E. McG. \$5; C. McC. \$5; M. L. \$1; N. C. K. \$1; M. M. \$5; M. D. L. \$1; F. M. \$2; R. J. \$1; E. L. C. \$5; M. A. B. \$1; M. D. \$1; E. W. \$2; H. W. \$1; M. McN. \$1; A. J. T. \$5; S. R. \$1; Niagara Falls, S. M. B. \$2; Pelham, P. F. \$2; Pleasantville, D. M. F. \$2; Poughkeepsie, C. I. L. \$3; M. McD. \$1; M. McC. \$5; Ray Brook, A. M. \$5; Richmond Hill, E. J. \$1.75; A. L. \$50; P. H. \$5; P. J. W. \$4; Riverdale, M. O'S. \$1; M. C. K. \$3; Rochester, N. A. P. \$2; J. A. R. \$1; J. A. \$1; L. A. T. \$2; C. K. \$1; East Rockaway, B. E. N. \$2; Saranac Lake, A. A. \$5; L. Q. \$5; Saratoga Springs, J. C. F. \$1; Scarsdale, J. Y. \$2; Schenectady, M. V. \$5; R. G. T. \$5; Syracuse, J. F. S. \$5; Troy, N. J. M. \$5; D. McN. \$2; Tuckahoe, C. G. \$3; G. J. S. \$5; J. J. L. \$2; Tuxedo, A. E. M. \$2; Whitestone, M. J. P. \$2; C. C. \$1; Woodhaven, A. O'H. \$1.50; Woodside, T. O'N. \$1; Yonkers, M. L. \$60; J. D. \$5; M. D. \$5; C. \$2; M. C. \$2.

OHIO: Athens, A. C. K. \$5; Avon, K. B. \$3; Bellaire, I. R. \$5; Canton, L. M. \$1; Cheviot, H. R. \$1; Cincinnati, M. L. \$2; C. H. \$5; A. G. \$5; M. T. \$10; H. M. \$4; A. F. \$1; M. K. \$1; A. S. \$6; E. K. \$1; E. B. \$3; B. R. \$1; T. L. D. \$50; F. K. \$5; M. C. \$1; H. C. B. \$100; I. W. \$2; M. F. \$5; H. H. \$1; C. J. H. \$1; M. F. \$1; K. W. \$3; A. B. \$2; K. Y. \$4; W. W. \$2; K. Y. \$4; C. J. McW. \$2; Dayton, G. P. \$2; Delaware, H. W. \$3; Girard, A. C. \$2; Hanging Rock, E. H. \$2; Ironton, R. R. \$1; J. S. \$2; Louisville, M. M. \$5; Norwood, N. M. \$2; J. J. G. \$1; Painesville, A. B. \$2; St. Bernard, C. F. \$3; Warrensville, P. G. \$2; Warwick, E. B. \$3; Wooster, H. H. \$1.

ORE.: Ontario, L. B. \$1.

PA.: Archbald, A. J. C. \$4; Braddock, D. P. \$1; Bristol, K. F. B. \$5; E. C. D. \$5; Butler, E. K.

\$2; Carbondale, E. C. \$5; Z. K. L. \$1; Carrick, R. S. \$2; Corry, J. F. H. \$2; Crafton, J. McC. \$2.50; Dormont, T. J. P. \$1; Dunmore, J. J. W. \$2; M. C. T. \$1; East Mauch Chunk, P. J. A. B. \$3; Erie, A. L. \$1; Etna, J. F. \$4; Finleyville, J. D. \$5; Glenshaw, J. P. \$1; Greensburg, J. B. McD. \$50; Homestead, J. D. \$10; Honesdale, J. B. \$5; Indiana, A. J. L. \$5; Jenkintown, E. F. C. \$4; Kingston, E. B. \$2; Kittanning, G. M. \$1; Lehigh, J. B. \$5; McKees Rocks, N. J. G. \$5; Millsboro, T. M. \$5; Paoli, M. C. \$2; Perrysville, A. D. \$1; Philadelphia, T. J. P. \$3; G. F. \$1; C. J. McD. \$10; W. M. \$5; C. M. \$1; M. C. C. \$2; C. J. McD. \$5; J. J. G. \$10; M. V. E. \$1; M. W. \$1; M. J. S. \$4; A. P. S. \$5; B. H. \$1; N. E. S. \$10; F. W. \$1; S. M. J. \$10; A. S. \$1; K. V. Q. \$2; T. J. M. \$2; W. J. W. \$8.83; W. J. M. D. \$1; S. E. E. \$1; E. T. F. \$5; J. R. \$1; C. W. \$5; H. C. K. \$2; M. F. S. \$3; I. M. \$2; M. V. S. \$1; J. O'C. \$2.50; B. A. McC. \$2; Pittsburgh, M. E. \$5; E. J. E. \$11; C. S. \$1; B. B. W. \$2; D. C. \$2; H. H. \$3; I. M. \$4; J. N. N. \$2; C. M. N. \$1; H. A. G. \$25; S. M. \$2; C. M. G. \$5; M. R. \$1; E. S. \$2; J. F. E. \$2; J. H. \$10; Anon. \$1; I. M. S. \$2; T. S. S. \$1; E. M. \$10; R. D. \$1; H. C. S. \$2; R. R. \$2.50; P. S. \$2; C. J. V. \$1; W. H. \$3; M. J. T. \$1; F. S. \$1; J. R. \$2; E. L. \$1; C. M. A. S. \$10; E. S. \$2; M. & C. O'C. \$20; M. W. \$10; S. T. \$2; F. A. H. \$5; J. E. S. \$2; M. M. \$2; M. O'H. \$1; E. G. \$5; A. J. C. \$0.75; A. L. M. \$4; M. C. M. \$4; Anon. \$1; G. T. \$4; F. M. F. \$1; M. B. \$1; B. C. \$5; S. M. S. L. \$1; B. M. \$1; M. E. S. \$2; E. R. \$5; V. V. L. \$5; E. B. \$2; C. K. \$1; J. C. M. \$2; M. P. \$1; M. M. \$1; Pittston, W. R. \$2; H. C. \$5; Plymouth, A. K. \$2; Portage, G. M. \$1; Pottsville, A. H. \$2; T. M. \$1; Radnor, B. M. \$5; Scottsdale, J. A. \$2; Scranton, E. P. L. \$3; K. O'B. \$1; H. C. \$5; M. S. \$1; M. A. \$1; M. P. K. \$1; J. H. L. \$1; B. E. \$5; J. L. G. \$2; W. J. B. \$5; Simpson, J. W. \$2; Sugar Notch, A. C. \$1.50; M. C. \$2; Swissvale, B. W. \$2; W. C. \$3; A. C. \$1; B. W. \$2; J. H. \$5; J. L. \$1; Tower City, J. F. C. \$5; Turtle Creek, A. B. \$2; Wayne, J. G. \$1; Wilkinsburg, R. G. R. \$1; C. S. \$10; E. B. \$1; Williamsport, A. B. \$2; J. E. B. \$2; Wilmerding, M. J. O'C. \$1; Wyebooke, E. G. \$1; Wyncote, M. J. \$2.

R. I.: Jamestown, J. McC. \$2; Pawtucket, M. G. \$1; Providence, J. P. \$5.30; J. F. F. \$5; A. L. G. \$1; Westerly, E. C. S. O. \$1.

S. D.: Ellis, T. K. \$1; Sioux Falls, D. J. C. \$1; Tyndall, J. L. H. \$1.

TEXAS: Victoria, S. M. G. \$5.

W. VA.: Moundsville, M. C. \$5.

WIS.: Eau Claire, S. McG. \$1; A. D. \$8; Darlington, T. M. \$1; Lyons, B. B. \$2; Manitowoc, M. M. I. \$7.35; Medford, G. R. \$5; Milwaukee, C. R. \$1.23; A. H. \$1; M. A. \$1; M. M. C. \$1; M. W. \$1; J. P. \$1; A. J. K. \$1; A. F. L. \$2; R. K. \$5; Oshkosh, M. T. C. \$1; Sheboygan, A. C. T. \$2.

WYO.: Hanna, J. H. \$4.30.

CANADA: Hamilton, C. R. H. \$2; Ontario, M. B. \$1; Quebec, S. M. D. S. D. \$2.

B. W. I.: Trinidad, J. A. \$2.50.

ANONYMOUS: \$3; \$2; \$1; \$3; \$1.06; R. M. \$1; M. J. McC. \$1; M. D. N. \$1.

America's Passion Play

FOURTEENTH SEASON

Performances
Every Sunday
Afternoon
and Evening

Tuesday and
Thursday
Evenings
DURING
LENT

From
FEBRUARY 26th
to APRIL 4th
Inclusive



The Most
Soul-Stirring,
Inspiring, Dramatic
Spectacle
Depicting the
Betrayal,
Death and
Crucifixion of
Christ
Ever Staged

—o—
A
SPOKEN
DRAMA

"Veronica's Veil"

AT ST. JOSEPH'S AUDITORIUM—FOURTEENTH ST. and CENTRAL AVE.
UNION CITY, N. J.
(Formerly West Hoboken, N. J.)

Tickets sold only three weeks in advance. Evening Prices: 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50. Sunday Afternoon Prices: \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. All Seats Reserved.

Directions for reaching Auditorium: From Newark, Elizabeth and other New Jersey towns, take Hudson Tubes at Newark to Journal Square Station, Jersey City; then Boulevard Bus to Fourteenth Street. Write, call or telephone Union 2203 or Union 6206.

PASSION PLAY NEWS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION. COPIES FREE

NOTE: There are many Passion Plays, but only one "VERONICA'S VEIL."
Every Catholic family should witness this wondrous production.



Painless Giving



A GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value: it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish

===== ADDRESS: PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES, THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J. =====

Please write or print
Name and Address
very plain.

*Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a
Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!*

OUR representative has called at the Brunswick Laundry, 220 Tonnelle Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., and made a thorough inspection of the Largest Laundry in America. He was astonished to find cleanliness and sanitation brought to perfection; he has found over 850 Employees, cheerful, healthy and satisfied with their jobs, their pay and their employers. Patrons are always invited to visit this large plant and see for themselves the process of washing and ironing. The Brunswick Laundry's policy has always been fair play to all employees and customers. We gladly recommend this firm to our readers.

Protestant: Catholic: Passionist:

Fidelis of the Cross

James Kent Stone

By WALTER GEORGE SMITH, A. M., LL.D.
and HELEN GRACE SMITH

Of this inspiring biography, the Charleston Gazette says: "This book is a record that no religious person, be he Catholic, Jew or Protestant, should be deprived of reading." The story of James Kent Stone, who became a zealous Passionist after having been an Episcopalian minister is here presented as a compelling spiritual drama.

Illustrated. Post-paid \$3.70

THE SIGN

Union City

New Jersey

Passionist Chinese Mission Society

MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE ENROLLED AS PERPETUAL BENEFACTORS OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA, AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FOLLOWING SPIRITUAL BENEFITS:

While Living: One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass in every Passionist Monastery throughout the world on these Feasts:

Jan. 1, The Circumcision	Aug. 25, St. Bartholomew
Jan. —, Holy Name of Jesus	Sept. 8, Nativity of Mary
Feb. 2, Purification of Mary	Sept. 22, St. Matthew
Feb. 22, St. Matthias	Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude
May 1, Sts. Philip and James	Nov. 30, St. Andrew
May 3, Finding of the Holy Cross	Dec. 21, St. Thomas
July 25, St. James	Dec. 26, St. Stephen
	Dec. 28, St. John, Evangelist

After Death: One Holy Mass on every day of the year; in every Passionist Monastery in the world, Holy Mass and the Divine Office for the Dead on the first day of every month, and High Mass of Requiem with Funeral Rites and Divine Office for the Dead within the Octave of All Souls Day.

Furthermore: Both the Living and the Dead Benefactors share in the Special Prayers recited every day by all Passionist Communities. In particular, they share in all the Masses, Prayers and Good Works of the Passionist Missionaries in China.

Perpetual Membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society is given in consideration of a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to THE SIGN, the Official Organ of the Passionist Missions in China. Both the Living and the Dead may be enrolled as Perpetual Benefactors. The price of a Life Subscription is \$50.00. *It may be paid on the installment plan in amounts to suit your own convenience.*

LONG AFTER you are forgotten even by your own, membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society will entitle you to the spiritual helps you may need. * * * * As for your deceased friends and relatives, what better gift than enrollment in this Society?

PLEASE WRITE TO:

The Passionist Missionaries

Care of THE SIGN

Union City

New Jersey

